

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LIII. }

No. 2173.—February 13, 1886.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXVIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

SEA-SPILLS.

THERE is a charm that haunts the air,
A subtle spell from restless seas,
Which finds and follows everywhere
Sons of the tide-swept Orcades,
Still in our hearts, where'er we roam,
Wakening fair memories of home.

'Twas sweet in autumn days to lie
On the hillside and watch the bay,
Its colors varying with the sky,
From clearest blue to tenderest grey,
With gleams of silver sunlight barred,
Or with white foam-flakes streaked and
starred.

Then Fancy filled the quiet place,
And with the magic of her wand
Brought back once more the vanished race,
The fabled folk of fairy land,
And, working transformation strange,
Touched all the world to glorious change.

The great black cormorants, that flew
Across the point from sea to sea,
Were dragons of the darkest hue,
Monsters of dread and mystery,
Most awful when by night they came,
Their flaming nostrils breathing flame.

Far, where the eastern heaven bent
To meet the waves, with favoring breeze
The Viking war-ships homeward went,
Laden with spoil from southern seas,
With the proud raven flag unfurled,
That held in terror half the world.

When, stealing round the distant shore,
A boat came slipping through the sea,
I knew some gallant knight she bore,
To set a captive princess free ;
Soft wafted by enchanted gales,
A golden bark with silver sails.

There from the quiet hills I caught
The secrets in their hearts they hold,
Where the strange swarthy dwarf-folk wrought
The clear blue steel and gleaming gold ;
In dream-wrapt silence listening,
I heard their mighty hammers ring.

In thunders of the breakers borne
Upon the winds for many a mile,
I heard the giants' shouts of scorn
Roaring their wrath from isle to isle,
Or bellowings from long shores and low,
Where blue sea-bulls roam to and fro.

So through the shadowy autumn days
Would Fancy work her wondrous spell,
And ever cast an added grace
On the fair land I love so well :
To all her children she must stand
Forever "the beloved land."

Longman's Magazine. D. J. ROBERTSON.

MY LETTER.

I READ it, my letter, my letter, as I sate in my
rocky nest ;
The waves at my feet were creaming, the wind
blew soft from the west ;
The sunshine on the tangle-beds was blazing
fiercely down,
And as they wavered to and fro, they glowed
to golden brown.
I heard the cry of the curlews blend with the
breakers' roar,
I took from my breast my letter, and read it
yet once more.

I read it, my letter, my letter, as I loitered by
the sea,
And, as I read, my fancy was flying fast and
free,
Away from the sunny seaboard, away from the
purple down ;
I saw the smoky, sullen streets, I saw the busy
town ;
I saw the desk with its dusty load, I saw the
dreary room,
And I saw the dark-blue eyes I knew, out-
shining in the gloom.

I read it, my letter, my letter, and I saw illu-
mine it,
The graceful phrase, the graphic touch, the
flash of ready wit,
The tender lingering o'er the words, that even
as he wrote,
Seemed as Love hovered over them, their truth
and depth to note ;
The sweet old words whose iterance, to those
that yearn to hear
But deepens ever down and down, and deep-
ening grows more dear.

I read it, my letter, my letter ; then softly in
fragments small,
I tore the precious pages, and stopped to kiss
them all ;
They were safe and sure, the golden words,
re-written in my heart,
It were surely best, in a world of change, with
their earthly shrine to part ;
So I tore it, my letter, my letter, with a smile,
and with a sigh,
And tossed them to the sunny sea, beneath the
sunny sky.

To what I have loved so long and well, the
flashing, dancing wave,
To the mighty arms of the great North Sea,
the thing I prized I gave ;
It should die, my letter, my letter, no common
mortal death,
It should be rocked upon the ocean's breast,
lulled by the ocean's breath.
Has a monarch kinglier requiem, a chief a
nobler shrine,
Than that I gave my letter, from that rocky
rest of mine ?

All The Year Round.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JANE TAYLOR.

NEARLY a hundred years ago — that is to say, in the midsummer of 1786 — a humble little cavalcade, consisting of four or five persons, some of whom were in the tenderest years, might have been seen at six o'clock in the morning issuing forth from a back street in Holborn — Holborn as it was in those days — to take their places in the old-fashioned stage-coach which left London once a week for the then secluded and remote village of Lavanhams, in Suffolk.

There was nothing in the little group likely to attract attention, or to command consideration.

They had no manly escort, — since the father had gone on beforehand, — and a set of plainly clad, puny children, holding fast some cherished possessions, with a pale-faced, weary young mother, fatigued with family cares, and sad at heart with the sense of leaving behind her all that brightened and civilized life, were not likely to evoke much notice. No servants, no fuss, no bustling cares for their comfort on their sixty-miles journey under the hot June sun, and along the deeply rutted dusty country lanes! Naturally that meant no position, no consequence.

Yet, in after years, there was no single member of that modest little party who was not destined to rise to some eminence in the world of letters, and one — the one with whom we are at present most concerned — although so early cut off as to have been prevented from taking that place in the temple of fame to which she would almost certainly have been otherwise entitled, still grew to be "known to four continents," and took rank in the eyes of even such a man as Sir Walter Scott, as "among the first women of her time."

This was Jane Taylor, the second of the little girls at the time of the family exodus, — a tiny mite of three, but already beginning by her lively prattle and arch mimicry to give indications of that shrewd observation and mirth-provoking drollery which afterwards found vent in the pages of "Display."

There is something very touching about those obscure days of the Taylor family.

Think of the early marriage — neither bride nor bridegroom quite twenty-three, — of the setting up housekeeping in a dingy lodging in Islington, of the rapidly increasing family, and of the precarious livelihood!

The income, we are told, on which Mr. Taylor married, and considered he could live with comfort, consisted of half-a-guinea a week certain for three days' work for his brother Charles, and as much as he could earn for himself during the remaining three days, when he was at liberty to work on his own account. This, with £30 in hand, was his independency; while his wife's dowry consisted of £100, and furniture sufficient for the first floor of their Islington lodging. Money went farther in those times; still we can hardly be surprised that when the poor young couple found a town life no longer a possibility, it should be for the cheapest and not for the most beautiful or salubrious country neighborhood that they made inquiries. Somewhat peculiar, certainly, was the method of procedure. Methodical Isaac obtained a list of all the Dissenting clergy supplied by Homerton College to within a hundred miles of the metropolis, and wrote to each one, with a minute investigation into the cheapness of rent, supplies, etc., in his locality; then weighed one answer against the other; and finally, and apparently happily, decided on the little Suffolk village, about ten miles from Bury St. Edmunds.

No Queen's decorator [writes his daughter Ann in after years] was more busy, more anxious (in some respects more capable) than he, that everything should appear in tempting order, and in the best style of which it was susceptible, on the occasion. His materials indeed were few, but his taste and contrivance inexhaustible. . . . On the ground-floor were three parlors, two kitchens, and a dairy, together with three other rooms never inhabited; and above were six large bedrooms. An extensive garden, well planted, lay behind. A straight broad walk down the middle, had an open summer-house on rising ground at the one end, and a ha-ha fence separating it from a meadow, of which we had the use, at the other. There was also a large yard, pigsty, etc. . . . For this spacious domain it will scarcely be credited that my father paid a rent of only £6 a-year; but by such a circumstance,

the perfect out-of-the-wayness of the situation may be conceived. Neither coach-road nor canal approached it: the postman's cart, covered in for passengers, made its enlivening *entrée* every day from Sudbury; and the London wagon nodded and grated in about once a week.

Delightful description! Yet which of us now but would groan at that "once a week"? While even the modest rental of £6 a year would be almost too dear to pay for a habitation approached neither by road nor canal.

Nurseries at Lavenham [the writer proceeds] I do not remember. The parlor and the best parlor were all that was known beside the kitchen; and thus parents and children formed happily one circle. Of course it was necessary, under such circumstances, that the latter should be submissive to good regulation; but my father and mother were noted for this—for little as either had experienced of a wise education themselves, they had a strong resolve to train their children with the best judgment they could exercise, and not to suffer *humored* children to disturb either themselves or their friends.

Certainly if the little Taylors were not "humored," they were humorous; and being so, they must have been no unpleasant adjuncts to the society which otherwise might have been somewhat solemn and severe.

Mrs. Taylor reading aloud at meals—a shocking practice for her digestion, by the way, whatever benefit she may have mentally experienced from it,—the abstracted father at the other end of the board, often lost in anxious thought—for those were the hard times when his skilled and practised hand, which afterwards achieved such triumphs, "would have been thankful to engrave a dog-collar"—and the silent audience, trained to the due appearance of attention, whether they understood or no, do not precisely coincide with our ideas of a merry meal. But the sly, twinkling drollery, which was afterwards to sparkle in her sagest pages, could never have been wholly absent from one little saucy face; and we cannot but fancy that, in spite of all propriety, the little Jane must now and then have "run on" as other children do, and have been—winked at.

A fine time of it had the little girls in their large, shady garden, with its laden fruit-beds, espaliered walks, honeysuckle arbor, and gravel paths,—watched and tended only by their mother, at her work under the luxuriant tea-tree with its long branches and small purple flowers—taught also by her the more formal rudiments of education, but let off easily, we should gather, as to hours and restraints; while doubtless picking up far more from the conversation and companionship of such parents (as well as from the books poor Mrs. Taylor read aloud at dinner), than they could have done from any amount of ordinary schoolroom tuition. They were taught—inestimable art—to *think*; and that they knew the value of such a lesson is shown by the lines penned long afterwards by the younger of the famous pair:—

How few think justly of the thinking few!
How many never think—who think they do!

Here now the two began to invent for themselves their little fictions and dramas; and that the fun was not altogether kept to themselves and each other, is shown by Jane's position on the kneading-board at Mr. Meeking's, the village bake-shop. To this homely platform the young madam would be elevated; and there would she "recite, preach, and narrate" with considerable unction, being no doubt enabled to overcome her natural bashfulness by that ever-potent incitement, popular applause. The description of the scene must be given. The baker himself

was a good-natured, fresh-colored, rotund old man, with blue eyes and a light flaxen wig, curled all round in double rows, and a beard duly shaven once a week. Three sons and two daughters composed his family; and the old-fashioned kitchen, or house-place, in which they lived, was the scene of warm and bountiful hospitality to all, and of indulgence to us little girls, who frequently found our way there. There was a door from the shop, another from the parlor, and another from the garden and orchard; but with all this bountiful provision for the admission of fresh air, nothing could exceed the comfort and glow of the chimney-corner, large enough to admit the bulky arm-chair of the master on one side, with a seat for small folk on the other,—the whole hedged in by an ample screen.

And no doubt that ample screen often shook with the applause and laughter of a vociferous group, as the tiny Jane, an orator of six, stood forth from her corner, and, inspired by the sight of the "huge piles of hot buttered toast," of which we read presently, declaimed and postured, while showing even then germs of that sense of ridicule which could describe an Elizabeth looking on ahead to discover the right lines, which "no reader of sensibility could peruse without tears;" or an ex-militiaman cracking and eating nuts upon the village cricket-ground, as a solace for his domestic troubles.

Before her eighth year, Jane, it is believed, cherished the idea of writing a book. Ann, however, was the only confidant; and this was probably an instinctive precaution, since we know that neither parent had any fancy for their children becoming authors, although highly valuing a solid education. Mr. Taylor, indeed, carried his teaching so far as to include in it the study of fortification; and some of Jane's early scribbles, it is curious to hear, were written on the margin of papers on which her own hand had traced on the other side passages about "lines of circumvallation," "fosses," etc. They had not at this time begun their apprenticeship to the art of engraving, which was afterwards to occupy so large a share of their time; but they were being initiated by their mother into all the home duties which she herself undertook — and, it would seem, with excellent results, as we hear again and again of Jane's useful domestic life, and we find all the sisters by turns engaged in cooking, making their own clothes, and other employments necessary for people in their station. From these they were probably exempt during the time they worked, with "brown Holland bibs, aprons, and sleeves," on the long bench by their father's side, to which we are just coming; but even before then they must have led a busy, brisk, useful life. A brother, the thoughtful Isaac, writes of this period: —

I have never been in any family in which the occupation of every moment of the day, by every member of it, was carried to so high a pitch as under my father's roof. Yet [he adds]

this incessantness of labor did not bring upon the family any feeling of bondage or restraint; none were urged or driven onward; each seemed to move forward as from an individual impulse, an internal spring.

Thus passed the calm, quaint childhood, with its peaceful routine, its wholesome if somewhat narrow-minded restrictions, its daily round, which might have been just the least bit in the world dull, if the Taylor boys and girls had not been themselves possessed by the very spirit of mischievous frolic and jest — for we read farther on that "when the running fire had been kept up for some time, my father would lift up his head from the desk at which he stood, look over his spectacles, and administer a short, grave, or kind interjunctory rebuke, which might silence more easily than cure us." Thus the Lavenham days went by, and the scene shifts to Colchester — then, as now, a garrison town, and at that time continually on the *qui vive* from apprehensions of a French invasion. To such an extent, indeed, did their fears at one time appear about to receive confirmation, that four of the party were packed post-haste back to the more secluded Lavenham, together with all the household gods, to be out of harm's way, — poor Mrs. Taylor apparently remaining alone behind — but to what end does not appear.

The good woman solaced herself by sending comforts and supplies to the fugitives; and that she was inclined to be sceptical about the need for flight at all, would appear from Jane's somewhat indignant vindication of the situation, when during the winter she and her father exchanged places with those first left behind.

"How," she cries, "can you affirm that Buonaparte never threatened us, when, besides the immense army so long collected on the coast — which we *know* was called the Army of *England* (and what was that but a threat?) — did he not declare to Lord Whitworth that he would settle the dispute on the banks of the *Thames*?" — and so on, and so on; which reads comically enough to us, who now know how and where the dispute was actually settled, but which was no doubt considered, both by Jane and her father

— who, she announces, had authorized her to take up the cudgel — to have been a masterpiece of argument.

It was some time, no doubt, ere matters shook down into quietude — perhaps a little excitement not being so very unwelcome, as a break in their slightly monotonous life, — and the family were reunited under the roof of their new home at Colchester. It was mostly here that the engraving days prospered; certainly it was here that we have presented to us the picture of the row of young workmen and young workwomen — for there were several apprentices besides the family members — sitting on the long bench, which was headed by their father's high desk at the one end, obtaining their light through a large window with diamond-shaped panes; and thus, for many hours a day, toiling patiently and soberly through the mysterious processes, — the waxing, the etching with a steel-pointed needle, the pouring on and drying off of the different liquids, technically termed "biting" — too often followed by the luckless "blowing up," which, in the case of Ann, once cost her three months' hard labor, ere she could repair the mischief done, speck by speck.

Here they practised what their young friends termed their "elegant art," although it is apparent that some of the party were heartily sick of that elegant art at times; for when Mrs. Gilbert, the "Ann" of the "Original Poems," would fain make out a case to the contrary, one of the younger ones could not forbear exclaiming, on reading the passage, "Ah! but Ann was always such a dog-trot!"

"Dog-trot" or no, she must have been a delightful woman; and still more delightful as an old than a young one. Think of her writing at eighty, that "the feeling of being a grown woman, to say nothing of an old woman, did not come naturally" to her! And the assertion is borne out by every page of her sprightly autobiography, — the latter part of which is composed at that advanced age — which testifies to the zest and *goût* which she retained for all innocent enjoyments and employments to the very end of her life.

To return, however, to the young engravers. They were honestly paid for their services, receiving wages as well as board and lodging, from the just and liberal Isaac, who, considering that but for them he must have had apprentices of another kind, and that these would certainly not have worked for nothing, appears to have so well remunerated their

labor, that in thus making use of their services, "clearly," says one concerned, "he did not consult his own advantage."

His intention, we may then presume, was to consult theirs; and doubtless his view of the matter was this, that in instructing his somewhat delicate young daughters in a craft which was never likely to enlist many recruits, he was endowing them with a means of self-support, should such be required in after years. No doubt the good father had pondered many a time over the future of his children; he had but little to give them; the girls might not marry; they must be taught to be independent. To be governesses — the usual resource in such cases — they were eminently unfit, as even the study of fortification could not make them, in the eye of the world, accomplished young ladies; and to be drudging elementary teachers would have been the last thing for which the lively, imaginative Jane and Ann were suited.

But it was proved that they could engrave; and herein, at least, lay a barricade against ill-fortune, should evil days come; and accordingly, work began early, and was carried on late; and even when there were dealings with publishers, and schemes on foot for joint productions, and the "Associate Minstrels" were beginning to hear little whispers of their future fame, engraving was still considered their business, literature their recreation.

To it they could only fly when their day's work was over; to their own little private attics they could only retreat when the call of the cuckoo-clock announced the hour of eight, save twice in the year, when, for a special and presumably economical reason, the work room was closed at seven. These blissful periods were denominated by the young folks "the seven o'clockings;" and lasted about a fortnight. "The regular hour for leaving the workroom," writes one, "summer and winter, was eight; but twice in the year, for about a fortnight each time, we could see without lighting up till seven, and broke up then," — lighting up, no doubt, being a more serious business in those days than it would be now, when we can fancy the glee with which the inventive presiding genius would have himself arranged a contrivance by which he could have an electric battery, and worked on by its clear, pale light till daybreak. No "seven o'clockings" then! The girls had something to be thankful for, perhaps, after all, in the wretched, dim, flickering light which was dear and bad, but which

no one — not even Isaac the elder — could have endured after eight.

They supped at nine. An hour, therefore, was the usual allowance for those early efforts.

At first [says Ann] we had no suspicion of the extent to which we might become useful. We kept the little one, for whom we were writing, so far in view as to write honestly for its benefit; but it was an object which had to grow with the consciousness that the benefit was felt, and widening.

I have heard Jane say, when sitting down to our new evening's business, "I try to conjure up some child into my presence, address her suitably, as well as I am able, and when I begin to flag, I say to her, "There, love, now you may go."

Does this account for the exquisite brevity and freshness of the pieces? If so, would that others, too, would say to their audience, "Now you may go," as soon as they begin to flag!

Ann was the first to see herself in print. She had sent a set of verses to the *Minor's Pocket-book*, and her first announcement of success was in seeing that "*Juvenilia*" had won the prize for a poetic solution to enigma, charade, and rebus, and that the prize consisted of — six of the *Pocket books*. From that time she became a regular contributor to the *Pocket-book*, and finally its editor — resigning the latter post only on her marriage. That Ann, however, did not always wait for the golden hour of eight to begin her delightful and somewhat contraband task, she herself confesses: —

Having pencil and paper generally so near at hand, a flying thought could be caught by a feather, even when engraving or biting was going on; or, in cases of extremity, when it was to be feared that all would escape me before eight o'clock came, I have made a sudden exit, and in honest haste and unintelligible scribble, pinioned the fancy or the lines to the first piece of waste paper I could find, there to abide till happy evening. . . . Later on, when writing unexpectedly became a business as well as a pleasure, we petitioned my father for an additional half hour; and considering the perfect regularity of his habits, I feel that we owed much to his good-nature in granting it.

The concession, however, we find from other sources, was not made, nor asked for, till after writing had really become a remunerative occupation, peremptorily asserting its claims. Until then, it was only their mother's fears for their health which induced the father, whose own excellent *physique* would have withstood anything, to permit them to have a walk before the

two o'clock family dinner. Two and nine were the Taylors' hours for dinner and supper. Call the two meals luncheon and dinner, and they are the identical hours against which plain folks raise an outcry at the present day! Wherein lies the difference?

Mrs. Taylor, no doubt, was in the right about the unhealthiness of the sedentary occupation, in a room heated by a German stove, for so many hours a day; but although she predicted "a premature old age at thirty" for those so engaged, her predictions were happily unfulfilled. Several of her eleven children did indeed die early, but not from this cause, while many lived to a green old age; and Ann, who records the fact, triumphantly adds, "Witness my hand, copying this MS. in 1861," — she having been born in 1781.

Ann was the first, as we have said, to embody her thoughts in verse; but that busy Jane was only behind her sister in the act, and not in the thought, is very plain. Imagination was ever at work within; but it was imagination held in check, struggled with, and looked askance upon. "This habit of castle-building," says she of herself, "is very injurious to the mind. I know I have sometimes lived so much in a *castle*, as almost to forget that I lived in a *house*; and while I have been carefully arranging aerial matters *there*, have left all my solid business in disorder *here*." Such self-reproach, we must confess, puts us in mind of worthy John Bunyan bemoaning his "lies," — those lies which have been justly described as being in all probability mere outbursts of an irrepressible fancy which could not be restrained, and which to his own overwrought conscience showed him "a liar," but to the world at large made him what he was — John Bunyan. What the author of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" would have been without his "lies," the author of "*Display*" would have been without her "castle-building." Can we second the lamentations of either?

Jane Taylor did not write, she could not have written, for money's sake — to this her tastes and habits would have made her utterly averse; she wrote because she could not help writing, from the pure love of it; and therein lay the key — as it ever does — to success. Can we imagine any one happier, more absorbed, more delightfully removed from all sublunary cares, than the youthful Jane, when presently — that is to say, in her twentieth year, her literary pursuits being by that time recognized by the family — she was per-

mitted to indulge them to the extent of having a room, a whole room, albeit an attic, fitted up for her exclusive use, and even furnished to her own taste? What a glamor must solitude and peace have cast upon those four humble walls! From the little diamond-paned window, which "commanded a view of the country and of a tract of sky," we can seem to behold the pensive eye gazing into vacancy, seeing not the real and actual, but the half-shaped thought, the dim ideal, the skirt of the Muse. The thoughtful and poetic Emily, in Jane Taylor's one complete tale, as well as several of the shorter papers, such as "The Pleasures of Taste" in "Q.Q.," and "Poetry and Reality" in the "Essays in Rhyme," all attest that the influences of nature were felt warmly by her; and no doubt solitary rambles and day-dreams were added to the delicious hours passed in the little sanctum,—but it was there she wrote.

Although [she says to a friend] my study cannot boast of the elegance of yours, it possesses one advantage which, as a poet, you will allow surpasses them all: it commands a view of the country; and to me this is invaluable. For years I have been longing for such a luxury, and never before had wit enough to think of this convenient place. You may now expect me to do wonders.

And wonders accordingly began to be done. The second volume of the "Original Poems," which are really too well known to need more than a passing reference, was now brought out. It was to have been called the "Wreath," the idea being that the numerous contributors should each lay on it their flower; but the name was abandoned, in spite of Jane's peremptory little voice. "Indeed," she says, "this must always be the name." No doubt others had their say, and overbore that modest note of protest—modest, at least, in its sense of authorship, for of the book itself she says:—

In comparison with my blooming companions in this garland, I allow my pieces to rank as the *leaves*, which are, you know, always reckoned a necessary, and even pleasing part of the bouquet; and I may add that I am not only contented but pleased with this station—it is safe and snug; and my chief anxiety is not to allow anything ridiculous, or very lame, to appear.

An anxiety which, even then, we may affirm was needless.

Letters now began to be received from the great men and women of the day. "Mr. Walter Scott" requested permis-

sion to "intrude his grateful thanks upon the 'Associate Minstrels;' and while hoping some day for the honor of being made personally known to them, begged to assure them of his high respect for their poetical talents."

Montgomery bade them "beware not to disappoint the expectations of the world." Southey wrote: "The first thing I look for in a volume of verses is to see whether the author be a mocking-bird, or if he has a note of his own. This you certainly have; and I have little doubt it may be a powerful one, if you choose to cultivate its powers." Maria Edgeworth also wrote flatteringly; and others of her school followed. But we would have our readers observe that as yet Jane Taylor can hardly be said to have shown anything of her real genius. The little pieces which the "Associate Minstrels" strung together are inimitable in their way; but it is a very small way, and some of the best specimens are not by her, but by Ann. Indeed, although when Jane was afterwards rapidly mounting the ladder to distinction all that was good was usually attributed to her, she herself, as we have seen, was well aware that this was untrue and unfair; while Ann gently and altogether sweetly comments, "Dear Jane had no need to borrow what I could ill afford to lose." No: at this time one and all were supposed to be very fairly on a level; and authorship being the order of the day, to the surprise of all, and perhaps most of all of herself, the mother in her fiftieth year, and the father who had hitherto also abstained, entered the lists. We have quite a number of works by each; and whatever may have been the superior value of the "Self-Cultivation" and "Advice to the Teens," the lighter and brighter excellence of Mrs. Taylor's handiwork found more popularity. It was not for several years after that—namely, in 1728—that the younger Isaac began to make his mark in the thinking and philosophic world. His "Elements of Thought" and "Natural History of Enthusiasm" need only be named. But for some time he had joined the sisters in their slighter undertakings, so that we may say that at this point every single member of the little family party which turned its back on the noisy city on that June morning when we first saw them, had now started in the literary race. Others and younger ones joined afterwards; and brothers-in-law and nephews proved no mean additions to the phalanx; so that when the complete list of works published

by the "Family Pen" is added up, we find that it amounts to ninety volumes, of which Isaac the brother has the largest share — namely, twenty-five — while Jane has only three, if we except those which she composed conjointly with her mother or sister.

It is not often that one reads of parents and brothers and sisters thus working side by side. Setting aside that it is but rare to meet with talent thus widely distributed in the same family, it is seldom one sees the harmonious, unenvious spirit which prompts one and all to aid and spur on the others. With the exception of the young Brontës pacing their dusky chamber arm-in-arm, while pouring into each other's ears their wild, weird, half-framed conceptions, we cannot call to mind any other family group who, like the homely Taylors, contentedly filled by turns the same niche.

That they did not all equally fill it, goes without saying; that they were by no means on a level, every one will allow; but that in these early years, brothers and sisters wrote in the same vein and for the same audience, without rivalry and without detraction, says as much for the sweetness of their dispositions as for the extent of their abilities.

We will not longer follow the family fortunes. Life flowed evenly with them as soon as brighter public times brought grist again to the mill, and work poured bountifully in to the well-known engraver, while modest yet increasingly agreeable cheques rewarded the efforts of his daughters. There were jauntings here and there — trips to London, and homage from admiring friends; in especial, there was one notable sojourn on the Devon coast, of which we have delightful pictures from their ready pens, and where Jane's first and last novel had its birth. We have Ann's romantic marriage, and Jane's venture to think a shade romantic admiration of the stalwart Scot, who made them for the time such red-hot Dissenters that she thinks even their father would have been satisfied. We have various family and domestic changes; finally, the gradual fading away and peaceful end of that bright and promising young life (she died at Ongar on the 13th April, 1824); but there is nothing — indeed, was there ever anything properly called worth recording for the outside world about the life of Jane Taylor?

What makes her so interesting, curious, stimulating, is herself. She is so natural, so arch, so frank; she says so exactly

what she means, no more and no less; she is so ready to show her pleasure in a compliment (incomprehensible to her would have been Harriet Martineau's affectation of horror at "being made a lion of"), — she is all this, and more; she is humble-minded, pious, serene — so much so, that even the stern cast of the religion in which she had been trained could not overshadow, or at least could only now and again overshadow for a brief space, the clear, smiling atmosphere of faith and hope she continually breathed. We cannot but love as well as admire her. Her Christianity, as practised by herself, and portrayed from first to last in her writings, is eminently cheerful and practical. Witness the reformation in the once peevish and discontented Elizabeth, the heroine of "Display." She does not spend her time in fruitless regrets, nor in efforts to benefit others by holding up herself as a warning beacon. Such dangerous egotism, even when undertaken with the best intentions, is not Jane Taylor's idea of denying self and taking up the cross in daily life. No; her Elizabeth begins at once by showing, not *talking about*, her new aims and desires. She offers — it is an admirable touch of nature — to go down to serve in the shop, that shop which is her great source of humiliation and object of detestation.

Next, she takes pains to appreciate and make friends with her excellent but unattractive sister-in-law; and at last, her despised husband — and certainly there is not much to be said for the unfortunate ex-militiaman — is to be tolerated and looked kindly upon. He is given to scraping doleful notes in secret upon a stealthy violin.

"That tiresome violin!" said she, one evening, as they caught its distant sound from the counting-house.

"I must say, however," said his sister, "that he does not suffer it to be very troublesome to us: I do not remember ever seeing it brought into the parlor."

"No, I confess he has never done that," said Elizabeth. "Do you think," she resumed, after a long silence, "he would be pleased if I were sometimes to ask him to play to me?"

"That he would, I am certain," said his sister.

That her resolution might not have time to relax, Elizabeth went out immediately, and opening the door of the counting-house, said good-naturedly, "Mr. Robinson, you keep it all to yourself: why don't you come to play to us sometimes?"

"Dear me! I am sure I had no idea you would like to hear me play! Why, it's what

I should like of all things," said he, gathering up the music-books, and proceeding briskly to the parlor. "What shall I play to you now?" said he, in high good-humor; "anything you like — only choose."

His sister chose something she thought Elizabeth would prefer; and Elizabeth, pleased with herself, found her spirits enlivened even by her husband's bad fiddling, and the evening passed more cheerfully than usual. Accustomed to be despised and thwarted, he was always particularly gratified by any mark of attention or consideration, and a little such kindness produced the happiest effects on his temper. He had always been proud of his wife, and would have loved her, after his manner, if she would have permitted it; and now that her conduct towards him was so much altered, he began to be "very fond of her indeed." Elizabeth, on her part, thus considers, "If religion were to do as much for him as it has done for me, we might be almost happy together."

Then there are the Leddenhursts, who are allowed by their fashionable cousin to be "vastly superior," but who, nevertheless, "have some peculiarities which render them not altogether so entirely agreeable as one could wish." How happily they are drawn in their lively, hospitable household! Even Miss Oliver is kindly made free to come and go, — but Miss Oliver deserves more than this passing recognition.

She belonged to a class of ladies of whom it may be said that they are good for nothing but *to be married*. Let no intellectual Cælebs object to the expression: it is not intended to recommend her to *him*. At eighteen she was tolerably pretty, and about as lively as mere youth will make those who have no natural spring of vivacity. Her education, like her mind, was common. If she had married, she might have performed the ordinary offices of domestic life as well as they are ordinarily performed. But she did not marry, though trained to consider marriage as the grand object at which she was to aim. Year after year passed away, during which her attendance at the Christmas rout, the Easter ball, and the summer races was tiresomely punctual. At length it became necessary, by extra attention to dress, and studious vivacity, to show that she was still young; but even that time was now gone by, and she now only labored to prove that she was not *old*. Disappointment, and the discontent occasioned by the want of an object in life, had drawn lines on her face, which time might still have spared. It sank down into dismal vacuity, after every effort at sprightliness; for, without mind enough to be pensive, she was habitually dull.

But even although "the veriest trifle" had become to her a "matter of importance," so that "the gossip of the neighborhood was essential to her existence, scandal an entertainment, and mischief a recreation," kind-hearted Mr. Leddenhurst desires his wife to cultivate her acquaintance, observing "what an alteration an interest in religion would make in that poor lady's countenance," and evidently projecting hospitable invitations on the spot. This is the true spirit of Christianity, genial, cordial, forbearing.

Of the writer's sarcastic vein, — and if ever anything is a fit subject for irony, it is the "display" to which the book lends its title, — the following are specimens: —

Emily was going that she might see Mrs. Fellowes, Elizabeth that Mrs. Fellowes might see *her*. . . . She would have given away half her ornaments to know whether Mrs. Fellowes wore ornaments. "As she is a literary lady, I dare say she despises dress," thought she, as she looked at her pearl bracelets; and she clasped and unclasped them several times, but at last put them on in a hurry, because there was no time left to deliberate. Emily happened to take off her glove in the hall. "You have no bracelets on!" said Elizabeth. This was a comparison she could not bear. Mrs. Fellowes would think her a mere doll. "Wait one moment!" said she; but in snatching one of the bracelets from her arm, it broke, and the pearls wandered deliberately to every corner of the hall. "Oh, your beautiful pearls!" cried Emily; but just as she and the footman were beginning the search, a rap long and loud announced the arrival of the learned lady.

Poor Elizabeth, shocked at being thus caught, leaves Thomas to collect the pearls, and hurries, much out of countenance, to the drawing-room, only to be still further discomposed on finding out at the first glance that Mrs. Fellowes was no despiser either of dress or jewels. Nothing could have been more ill founded, moreover, than Elizabeth's hope of attracting her attention; for, satisfied with being herself the supreme object, and engrossed by the display of her accomplishments, the whole evening might have passed without Elizabeth's ascertaining whether or not she had once caught her eye, if she had not heard her remark something or some one was "about the height of that young lady."

Happy are they [continues the writer] who do not go into company to *perform*; who can think an evening pleasantly spent that has been unproductive of compliment, and afforded no opportunity for displaying the favorite quality, or talent, or acquirement. . . . There is a class of *speech-makers*, who contrive by ingenious

allusions, and hints casually dropped, to *let you know* what they fear you might not otherwise find out: they let off a firework, and when it seems all over, and there are only a few pitiful sparks dropping about, off goes another!—but it never succeeds. For whether it be “my uncle’s carriage,” or “my friend the colonel” or “the general,” or “when I was on the Continent,” or “only a *jeu d’esprit* of mine, a very foolish thing,” or “Latin? oh, scarcely a word, I assure you,” or “a cousin of mine knows him intimately,” or “when I write to Lady So-and-So,” or all of these one after another, such hints afford a kind of information *not intended to be conveyed*: they prove, not only that her uncle keeps a carriage, that she knows a colonel and a general, that she has been on the Continent, that she writes poetry (and foolish things), that she learns Latin, that her cousin knows an eminent man, that she corresponds with a lady of rank; but they show that she is anxious you should know it—that such distinctions are *new* and *rare* to her (for people seldom boast of that to which they have always been accustomed); and worst of all, it creates a suspicion that she has nothing more left to boast of: for she who gives out that she reads Latin, is not likely to conceal her knowledge of Hebrew or Greek; and she who intimates that she writes to Lady A., would assuredly let you know if she had any connection with Ladies B., C., and D.

Pretty plain speaking, and terribly, desperately true to life; but Elizabeth has yet this to learn. Another good scene is where the would-be heroine, having found at length the desired hero in the Lieutenant Robinson (who afterwards reveals himself as the linen-draper, but whose regimentals captivate Elizabeth’s fancy at the outset), essays to sing the “Soldier’s Adieu,” and distressfully breaks down in the middle, sighing out “that fatal regiment,”—although she has even then to own that her lover is “not particularly tall,” and would indeed fain have avoided introducing him presently to the Leddenhursts during the evening parade, at which she had, previous to their appearance, rather “enjoyed the *éclat* of her conquest.” Nothing can be more diverting—to any one not concerned—than poor Emily’s sensations on the occasion:—

Emily, who had raised her expectations rather unreasonably high of a being whom it was possible to love in three weeks, was nearly guilty of the rudeness of starting when she first beheld the mean figure and fiercely vacant countenance of her friend’s admirer. “Is it possible?” said she to herself, and she looked about to avoid meeting the eye of Elizabeth.

In the mean time the lieutenant continued running on in his usual strain of sprightly dulness to Mr. Leddenhurst, who stood looking down upon him with an eye of keen but candid

observation. “What a monstrous curious old cross you’ve got here!” said he, staring up and tapping it with his cane.

“Well, good-night,” said Elizabeth; “it’s cold standing in the wind.”

By-and-by, however, when a lucky remark of Robinson’s on Emily’s pretty face had made him seem “surprisingly more agreeable and worth securing,” she said to herself, “He whistles uncommonly well.” Poor Elizabeth! But as we have seen, happier, if humbler days are in store; and we will hope that when she could no longer feign to be enlivened by the wailings of the violin, Mr. Robinson treated her to the whistling which he could do.

In “Display,” also, we have the close insight into human nature which lays bare Mrs. Palmer—Elizabeth’s mother—as having such an extreme dislike to being uncomfortable, that she would not on that account suffer her naturally violent feelings to be troublesome; and who, when the news came that her only son had died abroad, discovered that she was still in possession of “her pleasant house and handsome furniture, luxurious fare and healthy appetite, fine person and expensive ornaments;” that she could still “walk and ride, and visit, and see company; and build her grotto, and attend to her greenhouse, and arrange her cabinet; so that she recovered her cheerfulness rapidly.” By her son’s dying at a distance, she was “spared the opening of the family vault—and that was a place she did not like to think of.” However, she wisely made some provision for the day when she must occupy it herself, by being constant at church and charitable to the poor—“by which means, she concluded, all would be safe whenever she should be under the absolute necessity of going to heaven.”

Of Mr. Palmer, we are only told that he was “a gentleman of ordinary capacity; but he could hunt, and he could shoot, and he could joke, and he could swear—and contrived to do very well without thinking; for with these accomplishments, a good table, and well-stocked cellar, he wanted neither for friends nor reputation.”

Another of the sort, hit off in a few equally happy sentences, is the “gay agreeable major” of Robinson’s regiment, who is all sympathy with the charming Elizabeth in her pecuniary troubles, but who, on finding that certain small sums with which her husband had been accommodated would be restored to him at the sale of Robinson’s commission, assures the young couple that, for his part, he—

he "should not feel any particular reluctance to — to engaging in mercantile concerns;" while his lady is almost more diverting in her consolation — for she cannot bear to see the "dear creature in tears," and offers to send for "a glass of anything" she pleases. The pair are exactly the sort of smiling, selfish friends one meets with every day, touched off in the lightest manner; while there are many young ladies who, like Elizabeth, feel, when the time arrives for enacting in sober earnest the part of a heroine in distress, that "chance, or fate, or providence, or something," will certainly interfere to prevent it.

We have no excuse for thus lingering over "Display," except that it is so impossible to get away from it. It literally bubbles over with good things; there is scarce a page which has not at least one flash of wit or fire.

Can we not imagine the delight of sitting down to work, as it grew from day to day beneath the writer's hand? Can we not picture the trio coming in from a wild, windy stroll along the Devon cliffs, and settling down round the table in the little parlor, snugly bolted in for the night, — Ann busy with some sage review for the "Eclectic," Isaac lost in calculations and logical deductions, and Jane — why, her very eyes must have laughed as her fingers danced along the foolscap. There would be no fear of interruption, unless it were from a tap at the door by the ever-welcome Mr. Gunn; and even he, we should imagine, would know better than to come too often.

Yet the book progressed slowly. It takes time to condense; and the writer who would be as compact and self-restrained as Jane Taylor, must prune with no sparing knife, lopping off every superfluous word or digression. During the afternoon ramble, doubtless many a sentence would be cast and recast, till it was stored up ready for the evening's pen. May not some of the excellence, some of the terseness and vigor which distinguish the writings of the family generally, have been born of this habit, itself born of the necessity of waiting till the engraver's workshop closed?

Between the publication of this, her largest prose work, and the "Essays in Rhyme," which was the next emanation of her brain, the youthful authoress read, and cultivated her mind, totally abstaining from giving forth anything, and bent entirely on taking in. In consequence, when she next permitted herself the dear

delight of composition, she wrote, we are told, "with such zest and excitement that her prevailing domestic tastes seemed quite forgotten, and in the daily walks she was often quite abstracted from the scene before her." She was going, in fact, to strike a deeper note than she had yet done. To have expressed her convictions on serious subjects in naked, unadorned prose was beyond what she could dare — native modesty and bashfulness were lions in the path not to be overcome; but sheltered behind the screen of verse, there might peep forth much about which she felt and thought most deeply. With less reserve than had hitherto been shown, she therefore set heartily to work; and pitiless indeed is the sly twinkling satire, and searching and keen the exposures that take place. No small, trumpery, petty meanness escapes. No favorite folly hides unmolested, safe from her deft knife, if she be on that tack. Sometimes — and this is just a little hard — it is the mere want of something better, the dead level of utter stupidity, which provokes her risibility, as thus in "Prejudice:" —

The few ideas moving slow and dull
Across the sandy desert of her skull,
Still the same course must follow, to and fro,
As first they traversed threescore years ago, —
From whence, not all the world could turn
them back,

Nor lead them out upon another tack. . . .
Were but her brain dissected, it would show
Her stiff opinions fastened in a row —
Ranged duly, side by side, without a gap,
Much like the plaiting of her Sunday cap.

And again: —

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of *mind*. . . .
The sermons, pamphlets, papers, books, reviews,
That plead our own opinions, we peruse;
And these alone. As though the plan had
been

To rivet all our prejudices in.

The Taylor family was not entirely free from something of this latter failing on their own account, it must be observed; and the picture placed before us looks uncommonly as if it had been studied at home; but if so, one of the nestlings was evidently shaking her wings, and taking a wider flight than had hitherto been attempted by any of the well-ordered family. Perhaps "Recreation" may also have been suggested by a tea-party at Colchester or Ongar; and although we cannot fancy but that it must have been a delicious exaggeration, still it may have had its grounds in a fit of compunction for

being drawn into an hour's not altogether good-natured gossip.

A mother and daughter go out to tea, and albeit not by any means on the warmest terms with their hostess —

We loved, I think, about as true
As such near neighbors mostly do ;

yet as soon as the fire burns up, and mamma can lay aside her shawl — for at the first the room was so cold there was "draught enough to turn a mill" in it — their "tongues begin to go," and go to such a tune that there is not a piece of scandal in the whole country-side which they do not tear to tatters, always on the ill-natured side, — till at length one suggestion more spicy than any of the former makes them draw their chairs nearer together, while the tale-bearer whispers lest the maid should be listening outside the door; and as for the others —

We, panting every breath between
With curiosity and spleen, —
And how we did enjoy the sport !
And echo every faint report !
And answer every candid doubt,
And turn her motives inside out,
And holes in all her virtues pick ! —
Till we were sated — almost sick.

And so difficult did the congenial trio find it to separate when thus engaged, that "the boy had been an hour below," ere, "muffled up in cloak and plaid," they "trotted home behind the lad."

In the "Pair" we have a rare and powerfully depicted contrast, between a young squire who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, who can project and build, and keep a stable and a yacht, and fly from one place to another as the whim takes him, but who withal is a dullard and a fool, — and a wretchedly poor, drudging mechanic, into whose gloomy life no sunshine ever seems to smile, but who has nevertheless the "divine spark" burning within. Here is the gilded youth : —

Yet think not that he comes below
The modern average ratio —
The current coin of Fashion's mint,
The common ball-room-going stunt,
Of trifling cost his stock-in-trade is,
Whose business is to please the ladies. . . .
The cant of fashion and of vice
To learn, slight effort will suffice ;
And he was furnished with that knowledge,
Even *before* he went to college. . . .
The things of which he most afraid is,
Are tradesmen's bills, and learned ladies.
He deems the first a grievous bore,
But loathes the latter even more.

The contrasted sketch is inexpressibly

affecting. Here we have the miserably poor and lonely artisan in his

One poor room, whose blackened walls are
hung
With dust that settled there when he was
young.

And in this desolate attic his whole life is spent, in one unceasing drudging round,

Where daily, undisturbed by foes or friends,
In one unvaried attitude he bends.
His tools, long practised, seem to understand
Scarce less their functions than his own right
hand.

And one coming back from distant lands,
to which he had gone a quarter of a century before, might "find him on the same square foot of floor : " —

The self-same bench, and attitude, and stool,
The same quick movement with his cunning
tool ;

The very distance 'twixt his knees and chin —
As though he'd just stepped out, and just
stepped in !

But the difference between this miserable drudge and the gorgeous child of fortune is not greater outwardly than inwardly. For instead of flying from one idiotic fancy to another in pursuit of distraction, we have here the "one old volume spread with algebraic lore," bought off an old stall, and produced as the sole recreation when night closes in ; and over it pores the ill-fated genius, to whom destiny has been so cruel that he is bewildered and perplexed, and has often to stop —

Pressing his hand upon his puzzled brain,
At what the dullest schoolboy could explain.

He has no chance of learning more from others, and even to "give his thirsty soul" this trickling stream of knowledge, he has to stint himself of his much needed and hard-earned hours of sleep ; and yet —

Had science shone around his early days,
How had his soul expanded in the blaze !
But penury bound him, and his mind in vain
Struggles and writhes beneath her iron chain.

In "Egotism" we have a lively delineation of that self-importance which induces young and old, rich and poor, great and small alike, to regard themselves as the apex of all things, even down to

The tattered wretch, who scrapes his idle tunes
Through our dull streets on rainy after-
noons. . . .

Still to *himself* the vagrant man appears
The central object of revolving spheres. . . .
The ranging doors that meet his practised eye,
But places seem where he may knock and try.

Mankind, should he define them, this the sense :

Things bearing purses — purses yielding pence.

And there are few of us who will not, I take it, sympathize in this : —

Woe to themselves, and woe to small and great,

When two good egotists are *tête-à-tête* !

(A battle this, though not of swords, but tongues,

And he the victor who has strongest lungs.)

But often while pursuing their career,

Rejoiced that while they speak, the rest *must* hear,

Some dry observer, whom they scarce perceive,

Sits smiling in his philosophic sleeve.

His — or her. There was one family to whom we should say the "philosophic sleeve" belonged tolerably indiscriminately ; and woe betide any talkers indeed who forced their strong lungs willy-nilly upon those "dry observers" !

As a specimen of Jane's more serious moods, we subjoin the following from among many almost equally good : —

We are but marching down a sloping hill,

Without a moment's time for standing still ;

Where every step accelerates the pace,

More and more rapid till we reach the base.

And then, no clinging to the yielding dust !

An ocean rolls below — and plunge we must.

Then further on in the same essay — namely, "The World in the Heart : " —

And yet, amid the hurry, toil, and strife,
The claims, the urgencies, the whirl of life —

The soul, perhaps in silence of the night,

Has flashes, transient intervals of light,

When things to come, beyond a shade of doubt
In terrible reality stand out.

Those lucid moments suddenly present

A glance of Truth, as though the heavens were rent.

Life's vain pursuits, and Time's advancing pace,

Appear with deathbed clearness, face to face,

And Immortality's expanse sublime

In just proportion to the speck of time. . . .

And though o'erwhelming to the dazzled brain,
These are the moments when the mind is sane.

From the others in the little volume — for it is also of the most limited dimensions — we will not quote. "The Squire's Pew" is in the same vein, and "Poetry and Reality" is in the same vein, though not equally striking. That there was no second volume added to the first is indeed a loss, when we consider how many subjects might have been profitably handled. It is probable that Jane herself meditated an addition, as more than one of the "Contributions of Q. Q.," her last literary pro-

ductions, would have done to incorporate in the "Essays." "The Philosopher's Scales," for instance, is an excellent bit of fanciful and half-serious humor, and the verses in the paper on "Intellectual Taste" are bright and good enough for a higher place.

"Q. Q.," although it has survived in the popular mind the author's two former works, and, we believe, is the only one now to be had, cannot, in our opinion, be called equal to either. It is very smart, very clever and funny, and withal very much in earnest ; but the writing is unpolished, the ideas are adapted to the capacity of children and uneducated people, and in conformity with their taste — or with the exigency of having only a small portion of room to fill. The papers are very brief, and might easily have been expanded.

They consist principally of short stories, of which the one which describes two sisters setting out to accomplish a number of undertakings — with the result that one completes nothing she begins, and in consequence receives nothing but incomplete rewards, such as a watch without hands, a telescope without lenses, etc. — is very bright and a capital lesson for ardent spirits ; as is also Ruth's first shopping-day, after receiving her allowance, when she is saved from all manner of wild expenditure (including tarts for luncheon — which her mother, we could never tell exactly why, estimates at 10*d.* when adding up the sum total) by the timely use of the phrase, "I can do without it." Into Ruth's feelings when the shopman is depreciating a straw hat, and exalting a beaver, all little girls will enter : —

"The hat, ladies, is one guinea only," said the shopkeeper.

Ruth darted an inquiring look at her mother, to know whether she thought it cheap or dear.

"You recollect your straw hat, I suppose, my dear," said her mother.

"Straws, madam," interrupted the shopkeeper, "are now considered *uncommonly common* — quite *out*, in fact. We have a surprising demand for beavers at the present time. Our manufacturer assures me he cannot get them made up fast enough."

Ruth's respect for *beavers*, and contempt for *straws*, was wonderfully heightened by this speech.

As well it might have been, poor little woman ! especially when she saw "a genteelly dressed lady in the act of purchasing one of the very same shape ;" and we can not wonder that she "jogged her mother, that she might notice such a

sanction of her own choice." The wonder was how she ever got out of so tempting a dilemma, and resisted all the blandishments of the artful shopkeeper, who thought that if he could get her to try on the article, he had her secure.

The two different ways of beginning a course of self-denial are also pleasantly exemplified in "Theory and Practice;" the impossibility of granting affection and admiration where it is catered for, is exposed in "The Cousin's Visit;" and "Temper" gives a hint to older folks. But one of the best is "The Sore Tongue," in which a youthful chatterbox bites her tongue accidentally one morning, and while bemoaning the pain, is recommended by her mother to restrict herself in the use of the unlucky member, — in short, not to say anything except what is either useful or necessary, during the remainder of the day. How Fanny finds this a most difficult feat to accomplish is merrily told; and how she breaks down altogether when their neighbors the Joneses' doings are under discussion, must have a place to itself: —

Conversation was revived when Caroline, who had stood for some time with her eyes fixed on their opposite neighbors' window, suddenly exclaimed, "I do believe the Joneses are going to have company again to-day! The servant has just been lighting the fire in the drawing-room; and there is Miss Jones now gone up to dress; I saw her draw down the blinds in her room this instant."

"So she is," said Lucy, looking up. "Well, I never knew such people in my life! They are always having company."

"I wonder who they are expecting to-day?" said Eliza; "dinner company, I suppose."

"Look, look!" cried Caroline, with the eagerness of discovery, "there's the baker now at the door, with a whole trayful of tarts and things. Make haste, make haste, or he'll have gone in!"

Lucy. So he is, I declare! It is a dinner-party then. Well, we shall see presently, I hope, who are coming.

Caroline. Oh no, they never dine till five when they have company.

Eliza. And it will be dark then. How tiresome!"

Then follows a pause, but it is of short duration, ere they start again.

Lucy. If Miss Jones is not dressed already! She is this instant come into the drawing-room.

Caroline. Stand back, stand back! Don't let her see us all staring. Ah, there she is! got on her pretty pink sarcenet body and sleeves to-day. How pretty that dress is, to be sure!

Eliza. And how nicely she has done her hair! — look, Caroline! — braided behind.

Fanny. And there is that little figure, Martha Jones, come down — do look! — as broad as she is long. What a little fright that child is, to be sure!

Mother. Pray, Fanny, was that remark useful or necessary?

And the fun is over! The proper motherly admonition on idle gossiping is duly given; but we must confess that, for our own part, to this day we are sorry that Fanny did not hold her "sore tongue," and let us hear what next befell the fair wearer of the pink sarcenet body and sleeves!

Of the graver papers in "Q. Q.," none is better than, nor indeed so good as, "How it strikes a Stranger," in which the solemn facts of death and immortality are supposed to be brought for the first time under the notice of a denizen of another world on a visit to our own; but this is too serious a subject to be dealt with here.

Alas! that subject was now rapidly to grow of nearer and more exclusive interest to the writer.

Whilst "Q. Q." was in progress, the mortal complaint which was to cut her off at, comparatively speaking, so early an age, was making way slowly but surely.

Several times, indeed, it received a check; once, when the alarming illness of her father, and also of a brother, brought into play her family devotion, and took her so completely out of herself, that her own disorder seemed actually to participate in her feelings, and hold itself in abeyance; and again, when a sojourn at Hull under the roof of Mrs. Gilbert, her beloved Ann, and subsequent excursions to York and Scarborough, revived her strength and spirits to such a degree that hopes of a complete recovery were entertained for a short space. But although two or three years passed in this alternate state of fears and hopes, she did not for any length of time delude herself with the idea that she had surmounted the fatal malady.

It was thought, indeed, that could she consent to lead a complete invalid's life, making everything else subservient to the ease and comfort of the passing hour, her stay on earth might be prolonged; but could a Jane Taylor, trained to self-denial, self-devotion, energy, and industry, endure to do this? It may well be believed not. She had many kind friends both in Yorkshire and Devon, and was warmly urged

to spend her time in successive visits, where she would have been free from every care, and would have received the tenderest ministrations, as well as enjoyed the pleasures of every sort of intellectual intercourse. She elected rather to remain at home. "She wished now," we read, "to call home her thoughts, and to converse with her own heart without interruption. She trembled at the danger of losing sight of her highest hopes." Her time was short; she would not fritter it away.

By-and-by the invalid grew gently weaker — yet there was still no pain. She took to her bed; she spoke with "emphatic earnestness" to one of her brothers, "professing very distinctly the ground of her own hope, and the deep sense she had of the reality and importance of eternal things;" lay tranquilly a while, and though the breathing was laborious, described herself as "quite comfortable," and in an hour or two, after a momentary struggle, ceased to breathe.

It is in the hope of bringing her almost forgotten writings once more into notice that this paper is written.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE GRATEFUL GHOSTS.

CHAPTER I.

CASTAYNE MANOR.

I DO not myself pretend to the honor of being a Castayne. My mother, indeed, belonged to that illustrious family, but my paternal stock is of the very humblest. My name, for instance, is Gregory — not a bad name in itself, but its antecedents in my case are dreadful. My great-grandfather, I believe, was originally a gardener in a certain small country town; his son became a green-grocer, and a prosperous one; and my father belonged to that mysterious profession which is vaguely described as "a City man." What exact position in the City he held, I am unaware, as he died when I was still quite young; but one fact I know, that he was rich — once rich I should rather say, which was perhaps the reason why Miss Alicia Castayne condescended to bestow her hand upon him. For Miss Alicia Castayne was the daughter of Admiral Sir William George Augustus Castayne, K.C.B., who, besides his own greatness, derived additional lustre from the fact that he was a son of George Castayne of

Castayne Manor, Esquire, the greatest landed proprietor in the rich county of Hogshire, and the representative, as every one knows, of one of the oldest families in England. My mother taught me to be proud of my cousins the Castaynes; and, like a dutiful son, I obeyed her commands. In principle I am a Radical — a Red Republican some people call me; but in spite of (or shall I say, perhaps, partly because of) my political opinions, I have always had a great respect for good blood. Ill-natured people used to say that I was always talking about my great relations, the Castaynes of Castayne Manor; but this is a calumny. I was merely in the habit of mentioning my relationship to them as a way of showing what my real station in life was, and a warning to vulgar people not to take liberties. For the Castaynes are a very great family, a historical family famous in every age. That the first Castayne came over with the Conqueror is assumed as probable, because there is no evidence to show that he came over with anybody else, nor indeed has any one, I believe, the slightest idea who the first Castayne was. But there was certainly one of the family who signed Magna Charta, and another who fought with Simon de Montfort, while the Roll of Caerlaverock records among other warriors one Sir Alured de Castayng, whose arms appear to have been, in heraldic parlance — argent, on a mount in base vert, a chestnut-tree, fructed, proper. The next of the family of whom anything is known followed Edward III. to the wars in France. Of him we hear that throughout the battle of Poitiers he stood undaunted by the side of the Black Prince, and though wounded and exhausted by the fatigues of the day, assisted in disarming and putting to bed his illustrious leader after the battle was over, in recompense for which arduous duties a coat of augmentation — a bedpost, within eight bootjacks in orle, all proper, to be borne on a field gules, was conferred upon the gallant warrior.

Later on, the Castaynes took an active part in the Wars of the Roses, espousing the cause of the house of Lancaster. In Queen Elizabeth's time they got rather into hot water by persistently adhering to the older faith; but in the beginning of the next century, the then representative of the Castaynes proved more amenable to the arguments of the Protestant clergy than his predecessors, and Catholic Castayne ceased to be an appropriate name for the family. In the civil wars they

took an active part, and the defence of Castayne Manor against the Parliament troops ranks among the noblest feats of the Cavaliers.

The Castaynes remained faithful to the Stuart family up to the time of the Revolution, when, though we hear of one of them who followed James II. into exile, the head of the family appears to have wisely submitted to the new dynasty. From that time to this, the less said about the Castaynes the better. On a careful comparison, I am inclined to think that Geoffrey Castayne, a *roué* of the Regency, was slightly the worst of them, but the difference is hardly appreciable. I must, however, exempt from this condemnation my late respected kinsman, whose heir I so unexpectedly became, and who, unlike his predecessors, was better known at Exeter Hall than at Newmarket, and was a great light in Evangelical circles. I do not think he was personally a pleasant man (perhaps because he very clearly showed on the only occasion on which I ever met him that he did not by any means approve of me), but he was certainly an unexceptionable one; and if taking the chair at religious meetings and making speeches at charity dinners are sufficient to give one a passport to heaven, no doubt St. Peter received him with open arms.

But this is enough of family history, and I must proceed with my story, merely remarking that my own position at the time I am writing of was by no means an exalted one. My father had met with severe losses in later life, and I was living with my sister, the only other member of my family, in a cottage at Twickenham, on a very limited income, consisting of what little had been saved from our father's ruin, along with some little earnings of my own in the noble craft of journalism.

It was on one fine August morning that I was sitting in my study, placidly enjoying the newspaper and my after-breakfast pipe, when a gentleman on business was announced. After some hasty measures taken to remedy the prevailing odor of tobacco, and the general unbusiness-like appearance of the room, I received my visitor, a tall, spare man, who announced himself as Mr. Quibble, of the firm of Quibble & Fee, solicitors, of Chancery Lane, a name well known to me, and, I presume, to most people.

"Mr. George Gregory, I believe?" he began.

"That is my name," I replied.

"Cousin to the late William Castayne, Esq. of —"

"The late, sir!" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Ah! you had not heard of his death? That is strange, as it is more than a week since he died."

"Mr. Castayne and myself had not been on terms of friendship for a long time," said I, "and I do not think it probable that I would have been formally apprised of his death. Still, it is strange that I should not have heard of it."

"Strange, indeed, that his heir-at-law should not have heard of an event of such importance to himself, but —"

"I beg your pardon, sir," I interrupted, "but I think you must be under a misapprehension. I was not his heir-at-law. His nephew William —"

"His nephew William died two days before him at Genoa. As you have not heard the news, however, it may be a pleasant surprise to you to learn that you are the heir to Castayne Manor and the large estates attached to it."

I sprang to my feet in amazement. The disclosure was almost too much for me. I, to find myself suddenly the possessor of a large landed property, that covered half Hogshire! I listened to the rest of the solicitor's explanations in a sort of dazed condition. Documents were submitted to me, and accounts of the value of the property and the legacies and jointures to be paid out of it, but I understood little of it all. My mind was yet unable to grasp the main idea, the astounding revolution that had taken place in my fortunes; and the details were far beyond my comprehension at such a moment. When Mr. Quibble left me, after having discharged himself of his mission, I was still lost in a dreamy state of uncertainty as to whether it could all really be true or not. The obvious course under these circumstances was to call my sister and impart to her the amazing intelligence. My sister, who was young and full of spirits, flew at once into a wild state of excitement. My mother had once taken her down to see Castayne Manor, and the memory of its glories remained with her still. She was all agog to rush away to our new property at once, and I verily believe, if she had had her will, would have packed me off to Hogshire that very afternoon. I, however, pointed out to her the absolute impossibility of such a proceeding; and she consented that my expedition should be deferred for a week or so, till proper arrangements could be made. Accordingly, about ten days after the receipt of the startling intelligence I have described, I

found myself on the way to Hogshire, in the company of my friend Fluggles, the architect, whom I took with me to see what measures would be necessary to make the old house habitable, as it had only for a very short period been occupied by the late owner.

Castayne Manor is situated in one of the prettiest parts of the pretty county of Hogshire. Not that Hogshire is by any means a show county; its beauties are little known save to its own inhabitants, and of course it makes no pretence to rival Devonshire or any of the professional beauties among counties, in scenery; but for homely English beauty of landscape, with its long expanse of downs, and patches of wood and water, it is inferior to none. So I thought at least, as, after a long and tedious journey, we drove from the nearest station at the little town of Market-Baldon to the park-gates of Castayne Manor. Here we were met by Mr. Grayling, the steward, who advised us to leave our carriage there, and walk across the park to the house, as the carriage-road was long and circuitous on account of the inequalities of the ground; and besides, the first view of the house was much more effective from the side on which we should thus approach it. We got down, therefore, and after traversing for some time the beautiful park with its velvet turf and huge spreading beech-trees, we came suddenly upon as fair a scene as could be found in all England. Beneath our feet the ground suddenly sloped away at a rather sharp incline, and a sort of green amphitheatre was revealed to us, the hills on the farther side crowned with woods, but their slopes green and bare, and in front the gray towers of Castayne Manor standing out against them. At our feet was a small piece of water, fringed with reeds, from which a little stream, crossed by a quaint rustic bridge, escaped with a gentle fall and flowed away to our left. Further to the left rose an abrupt slope covered with a small wood; the house itself was straight in front of us, while the hill behind was higher than that on which we stood. On the top of the further hill was a curious old ruin, of which a tower of very ancient appearance was the most remarkable feature. The building attached to this tower, we were told, was the remains of a Chapel of St. Hubert, erected by a Castayne in the Middle Ages, but the tower was of far earlier date, and believed to be Saxon. The manor-house itself is an old castellated mansion, built in the form of a T, and surrounded by a

moat still full of water, which, passing under an arch, half separates the cross part of the T, the oldest portion of the building, from the rest. The age of the oldest part is not exactly known, but it goes back to a very distant period, the house being known to have stood a siege in the barons' wars (as well as the more famous one in the days of Charles I.), and remaining still, at any rate, the same in form as it was in the earlier times. The house had been restored by one of my predecessors, the elder brother of that William Castayne from whom I inherited it, and all the more modern part modelled on the style of the ancient buildings, while the whole front had been refaced in a manner which gave a greater uniformity of appearance to the whole, but at the same time took away some of its antique character. We descended the hill, and crossing the little stream, approached the house, which we entered by a bridge over the moat at the place where the old drawbridge had been, as the steward informed us. We entered a vast old hall, and going up the grand staircase, passed through a succession of fine and spacious rooms, which, however, all had a dismal, *délabré* appearance, which spoke of long disuse and neglect.

"You see, sir," said Grayling, "Mr. William never cared much to live here. Mr. Geoffrey" (the elder brother), "he was very fond of the place, and improved it a great deal, and filled it with pictures and nicknacks of all sorts he had brought from abroad, for he was a great traveller, Mr. Geoffrey was. But Mr. William, he couldn't stand them, and had them almost all removed and stowed away in the lumber-rooms. A very strict gentleman he was, was Mr. William, and couldn't bear that kind of thing. Pictures, too,—ah! I've heard gentlemen, that knew, mind you, say that Mr. Geoffrey had as fine a collection of pictures as any man in England, but Mr. William soon disposed of them. Some, he said, were not fit to be seen in a Christian man's house, those were his very words,—and others were Popish, and he wouldn't have anything to do with them either."

"And what did he do with them?" asked Fluggles; "sell them, eh?"

"Well, some of them he sold; but the most are laid away there in the old buildings, which he used mostly as a kind of lumber-rooms. You'd like to see them, I dare say, gentlemen."

"Certainly," I agreed; "but stay a moment—what is that door? There seems

to be a room that you have not shown us yet."

The steward hesitated for a moment, and then slowly opened the door, dropping his voice to a mysterious undertone as he said, "The green room, sir."

"The green room!" I repeated, trying to recall any association with the name in my mind; "oh, of course, yes, — the room in which old Geoffrey Castayne's friend was killed."

"Yes, sir, that's it; but hush! — it's better not to talk about these things here."

"Why, you're not afraid of ghosts, surely, Mr. Grayling," said Fluggles, with a laugh.

"And if I were, sir?" said he. "If you had lived by Castayne Manor as long as I have, maybe you wouldn't be so ready to laugh at them that believe in ghosts. And it's not like the other haunted rooms, if you'll allow me the expression, sir" (this with exaggerated politeness); "even I don't care so much about the old tales there are about here, though there's many that do; but it's a different thing with this. It was long before I was born, but I've often heard my grandfather tell of it (he was in the house at the time, sir), and it seems more to come home to one. No, sir; when the men come to me with their stories of lights seen in the old house and the noises they hear, ay, even in this very gallery" (for we had left the green room now, and were traversing the long gallery that led over the moat to the old part of the house), "I don't care so much. They don't tell me lies about their work, or about what goes on in the village, and I don't suppose they would invent stories about what they see or hear; but it's different somehow. What happened in that room — but there, sir, Mr. Geoffrey would never have opened it, and he was a wiser man than you or me; and surely if he was afraid of what may be there, I've no call to pretend to despise it."

I knew the story he referred to; one of old Geoffrey's companions, a gamester like himself, who had fallen in some sudden quarrel that had arisen at play, — a dark history that was never cleared up; but I must admit that later, when I had the honor of making the personal acquaintance — But I am anticipating.

We had now got quite into the old building, which showed even more signs of neglect than the part we had previously visited. The rooms were, for the most part, low and ill-lighted, though spacious enough, and in many cases either choked with piles of old furniture, pictures, etc.,

which had been deposited there, or, where they were clear of lumber, so bare and empty that they imparted a certain involuntary feeling of chilliness and gloom, that had a very depressing influence on us. One old hall, fine and spacious as it was, had a peculiarly gloomy appearance, and the whole aspect of the old building was desolate and dreary beyond expression. The task of ransacking the lumber-rooms, to find what was valuable in the way of pictures or antiquities, was evidently greater than we had leisure for; and so, after a hasty glance at the various apartments, we retraced our steps, and felt a certain sensation of relief on reaching again the clear air of the park. Just as we were leaving the house, however, I remembered that I had left my gloves inside, and I told Fluggles to go on, while I returned to fetch them. I rejected the proffered guidance of the steward, but I own to an uncomfortable feeling when I found myself alone in the dreary old house. My gloves I knew I had left in the old building, in a room at the end of the gallery, which formed a sort of antechamber to the old hall I have mentioned, with no door between them, but only an entrance concealed by old, moth-eaten tapestry hangings. Thither I now directed my steps, and had no difficulty in at once finding my lost property. Before returning, I cast another glance round the room in which I stood. It did not seem to me now so comfortless as before; and as I examined it more closely, it occurred to me that here would be a nice place for a sort of little study, to which I could retire when I wished to be alone.

"Yes," I said, speaking unconsciously aloud, "this will be a room where no one will come to disturb me, where I shall be away from the noise and bustle of the house, — the very thing for a study."

As I ceased speaking, a sound like a sigh close beside me startled me out of my reflections. I turned round, and there beside me I saw a figure, which, but for its strange dress, I should have taken for an ordinary mortal like myself, a gentleman apparently of middle age, of a grave but yet pleasant cast of countenance; but he was clad in the buff coat and great jack-boots of a cavalier of the great civil wars.

"Who — who are you?" I stammered, unable as yet to decide if the figure before me was that of a living man like myself, or a spirit from beyond the grave. There was no answer. The sun shone in brightly through the narrow window, though it did

not reach the corner where he and I were standing. The birds were singing outside in the park, and everything seemed so full of life that I took courage; and rejecting the idea that I could be speaking to anything but a man like myself, I determined that this must be some trick — some designing person, no doubt, who wished to frighten me out of the house. With this idea in my head, I grew indignant at the deception, and spoke angrily.

"Sir," said I, "I must inform you that I am the master of this house, that you have no business here, and that if you expect to produce any impression upon me by masquerading in that absurd costume, you will find yourself greatly mistaken. Who are you? And what are you doing here?"

The figure did not answer for a moment, but kept its mournful eyes fixed upon me, with a gaze that began greatly to disconcert me. I kept repeating to myself, "It is all nonsense, you know; it's a trick — it must be;" but the conviction that this was no living man kept forcing itself upon me in spite of myself. At last it spoke.

"I have more right here than you," it said gravely.

"But, in heaven's name, who are you?" I gasped out, awed in spite of myself by the grave dignity of the apparition, if apparition it were.

"You ask who I am, and yet, if your features do not belie you, you too should be a Castayne. Know, then, that I am that Richard Castayne who died here, as a gentleman of my house should die, fighting for God and my king, in the defence of the home of my ancestors. Will that suffice you? I say again, this is my house; and I ask you, who are you that come here, with your gross earthly form and mind, to trouble the spirits of the dead, to whom it belongs?"

I am not constitutionally brave, but I must certainly say for myself that, except for the first few minutes, I was not really afraid. A certain sensation of awe I confess to, and from time to time a sort of thrill of horror passed through me; but I was not afraid. In fact, my prevailing sentiment at first was — what a preposterous thing it was, in full daylight, on a bright autumn day, in England, in the nineteenth century, to meet a personage who declared himself to have been dead for two hundred years! For I knew now that I had before me the famous Sir Richard, who defended Castayne Manor against the Parliamentary troops, and fell

in its defence. More time to think might have made me more frightened, but a certain obstinacy and dislike of interference came to my aid. I felt a strong impulse to argue the point of ownership with the spectre.

"It does not matter who I am," I said firmly. "This house is mine — mine by inheritance, as it once may have been yours, if you are the person you claim to be. I have a great reverence for all my ancestors, especially for one so illustrious as Sir Richard; but still, I must say with all respect, that even if you are he, you have at present no more claim to this house than your heir had in your lifetime, or you yourself had before you succeeded to it. And I certainly think that if there is an intruder here, it is not me."

I know this remark must seem rather flippant. Indeed I was a little ashamed of my impertinence, as contrasted with the calm dignity of Sir Richard's bearing; but the fact is, that though I know now that I was not afraid, I was by no means so certain of it then, and I think I was trying by this sort of impudence to fully persuade myself that I was not at all frightened. Sir Richard frowned.

"These are strange words," he said; "strange and bold words from a mortal man to a spirit of the other world."

"Yet so it is," I continued, becoming more and more at my ease. (I may mention, by the way, that I never really doubted his identity, and from this moment took it fully for granted.) "My sentiments towards you are most deeply respectful; but you will excuse my retaining my opinion that this house is mine, and that I intend to live in it. Could you not find some more suitable place for yourself, — say, for instance, the old ruin on the hill behind the house, which, I believe, was once a chapel; would not that be a more suitable place for a spirit to inhabit?"

"Never, sir," said Sir Richard, in a stately manner — "never! Not for the world would I intrude on the devotions of my venerable friend Father Ignatius."

"Father Ignatius!" I cried; "but — but then am I to understand that you are not alone; that there are other ghosts, I mean, besides yourself?"

"Assuredly there are many," he replied quietly; "many of your ancestors whose grievous lot it is that they may not rest quietly even in their graves; many, too, whom chance has involved in the calamities that have befallen our house."

"But, great heavens!" I exclaimed,

"this is dreadful. With one ghost we might perhaps have put up, but with a number of them, what can we do? It will be impossible to live here."

The spectre smiled grimly as he perceived that I began to realize how formidable were the mysterious inhabitants of my newly acquired property. Indeed the situation was one well calculated to strike terror into any heart. The one visible ghost I did not fear so much; but the idea of the host of unseen spirits who might, for all I could tell, be around me at that very moment, struck a chill on my mind. At that moment a gust of wind stirred the tapestry which hung over the entrance leading into the old hall, and I turned towards it with a feeling of terror, lest some horrible shape should suddenly appear. My spectral companion was touched apparently by my agitation, for his aspect grew milder, and a look of pity succeeded the former severe expression of his face. I at once determined to throw myself on his mercy.

"Sir Richard!" I cried, "such a gallant and generous gentleman as you showed yourself to be in your lifetime, should have pity upon one of your descendants in his trouble. Forgive me for what I said just now, and tell me what am I to do."

"There is one course evidently open to you," said he coldly; "it is to leave this house to its lawful masters, and not seek vainly to intrude yourself upon them."

"But I cannot do that," I pleaded; "my sister has set her heart on coming to live here. Cannot any arrangement be made? Could you not agree to confine yourselves to some one part of the house, and leave the rest for us?"

"I am willing to do all that lies in my power to promote the happiness and prosperity of our house," he replied, "but I can do nothing alone. I will summon our conclave to consider it. Remain you here till they are assembled, and you may submit your project to them."

So speaking, he passed out of the room, and I was left alone to my not very comfortable reflections. But my solitude did not last long, as, though I could see no one, from time to time I was conscious of rustling and whispering sounds around me, which struck a real chill of terror into my heart. I shrank back in my corner, as the tapestry before the entrance was stirred and moved aside, and the mysterious, invisible phantoms passed into the hall, while my fancy supplied each of them

with some ghastly and appalling form. At last all was still, and in a few minutes I again saw the figure of Sir Richard standing in the entrance. He beckoned to me with his hand, and with an effort to collect my senses and recover my calmness, I followed him into the hall in a state of no little trepidation.

CHAPTER II.

THE GHOSTLY CONCLAVE.

IT was at first impossible for me to discern anything clearly in the dim light of the old hall, and even when my eyes began to get more accustomed to it, I was hardly conscious of the presence of its spectral occupants. Gradually, however, I began to make out the dim outlines of figures in the two great chairs that stood at each side of the old fireplace. Buried in the depths of one of these chairs reclined an old man, in the rich but extravagant costume affected by the court of the Restoration, with its long, full periwig, and profusion of lace, embroidery, and ribbons. His face bore a great resemblance to that of my conductor, but had a sharper and harsher outline, and was deeply furrowed with lines and wrinkles; while the kindly though melancholy expression of Sir Richard's countenance was replaced by a sneering, sardonic look on that of his brother, for such I found the old man to be. Exactly opposite to him sat a lady of middle age, dressed in something resembling the costume of Queen Henrietta Maria (I am not learned in these matters), with decidedly handsome features, but a haughty and almost forbidding expression, which, however, relaxed a little as she turned towards the figure I now perceived standing beside her chair—a Catholic priest evidently, with a gentle, melancholy face which had something inexpressively attractive in it. A little further back was a tall figure, in the robes of a Benedictine monk, with the cowl drawn partly over the face, so that in the darkness where he stood, I could see nothing of him but the gleam of a pair of unnaturally bright eyes which seemed to be fixed menacingly on me. Beside him stood another figure, which, but for its antique dress, I should certainly never have taken for a ghost. The rubicund, pimply face bore the type of a jovial *viveur*; and the careless and somewhat droll expression would have freed me from all fear of him at least; but the antique jerkin and trunk-hose showed that he belonged to an age long past. Other

indistinct figures I could dimly perceive in the background; but my attention was arrested by none of them, till I turned towards the window, by which stood a form well calculated to inspire awe. It was, apparently, that of a knight of the Middle Ages, of gigantic stature, clad in complete armor, resting one hand on a huge battle-axe, while on the other arm hung a shield, on whose battered surface I could faintly trace the well-known arms of the Castaynes. The visor of the helmet was up, and displayed a face of dark, sanguine complexion, and stern, rigid features, which told of immense and concentrated force of will. I was gazing on this strange figure, when Sir Richard, who was still at my side, broke at last the profound silence which enveloped the gloomy old hall.

"We are assembled here," he said solemnly, "for the first time since the occurrence of the sad event which made the last addition to the numbers of our ill-starred company. Since that deplorable event took place —"

"You are too good, Sir Richard, really," observed some one beside me, in a languid, sarcastic tone.

The speaker had escaped my notice till now, being almost entirely concealed from sight by the large old armchair in which he sat. He was a young man, of a handsome but rather feeble type of face; and from the blue coat and brass buttons which he wore, and the large neckcloth round his throat, I conjectured that he must be a late acquisition to the confraternity of ghosts, probably only of some seventy or eighty years' standing among them.

"I crave your patience for a moment, Sir Charles," resumed the stately cavalier. "Believe me that it is only for your own sake that I deplore the chance which has brought so accomplished a gentleman among us. Our conclave, as I said but now, has never been assembled since then, and has only been called together now on account of an event of grave import to us. You already know that it was proposed to disturb our home, and, if possible, drive us from our peaceful abode. This we were all agreed to withstand to the utmost. But while we consider what is due to us, and firmly uphold our rights, we should also remember that something is owing to our descendants. This house has been given up to us by the two last representatives of our family, and we would fain have kept it so. Now, however, it has another master, who de-

sires to dwell in it himself; yet not wishing to disturb the spirits of his ancestors, he would make a compact with us by which we might dwell together in amity. Surely it is right that we should hear what he would say."

I was rather taken aback by the suggestion that the ghosts and I were to live together in a friendly way as a sort of happy family; but I was afraid to interrupt Sir Richard, though I admit that the feelings of reverence and awe with which I regarded my illustrious relative were beginning to give place to a disrespectful sentiment of impatience. Indeed I fear that I even began to consider him as somewhat pompous, if not even a little prosy. But I had no time for reflection, for he turned to me now and addressed me personally.

"Young man," he said, "you are at liberty to state what you propose; but, first, it is fitting that you should know in whose presence you stand. Here," he continued, turning to the lady in the high-backed chair by the fireplace, who took not the slightest notice of me — "here you behold the Lady Alicia Castayne, the faithful partner of all the toils and troubles of my life on earth. Reverence her above all, young man, and bring up your children to love and honor the memory of their ancestress. Here," turning to the old man opposite, "is my good brother, Sir Jasper. Brother Jasper, you will surely say a word of greeting to our descendant."

"I wish you joy of your inheritance, sir," snarled Sir Jasper; "and I only wish it may bring you as good fortune as it has done to your predecessors."

"Nay, be not harsh to the young man, brother Jasper," said Sir Richard; "let us rather pray that he may be more fortunate than the rest of our ill-starred family." Then pointing to the armed figure at the window, "There, young man," he said, "you see your great ancestor, Sir Alured de Castayng, of whose fame you have, no doubt, heard and read much."

"Yes; there indeed is an ancestor to love and honor," sneered the old courtier. "It is a pity he lived so long ago. In your time, Sir Charles," he continued, turning to the languid gentleman in the armchair, "he would perhaps have made a great figure on the highway, according to what you tell us, and perhaps —"

"I pray you to be silent, brother," broke in Sir Richard nervously, with a glance at the savage-looking knight, who, however, showed no signs of paying any

attention to what was said. Sir Richard looked relieved, and resumed, pointing to the priest whom I have mentioned, "This is my reverend friend, Father Ignatius, who rendered in his time great services to our family."

"Which nobly proved its gratitude to him," muttered Sir Jasper.

"And there is our worthy and reverend Father Hildebrand, whose acquaintance with the family is of older date, and who should be an object of respect to all who bear the name of Castayne."

This was the tall monk, who continued to eye me as threateningly as before. Father Ignatius, however, advanced towards me with a cordial greeting.

"*Benedicite*, gentle son," he began; "I bid you welcome to your ancestors' home, and pray that you may live long and happily in it."

They were the first words of welcome or goodwill I had heard yet. I could have embraced the good priest in my gratitude, but that I had some doubts about the substantiality of the worthy father. The pimply-faced personage was then introduced to me by the name of Humphrey Goldbin. He was, I found, merely an old major-domo or butler, but his low rank did not appear to be any bar to his mingling with the shades of his former lords. No notice whatever was taken of the other figures whom I had observed in the background, and who were by no means so distinctly visible as those to whom I was introduced; so, judging that the ceremony of presentation was over, I thought it best to address the company without more ado.

"Lady Alicia," I began, "and gentlemen," summoning up my best after-dinner style, "I hope you will not consider it presumptuous on my part to have come here to disturb you, as I assure you that I had notion there were any *gho*—I mean, that any of the spirits of my ancestors still inhabited this house. I had no intention of interfering with your possession of the manor; but it has come to me by inheritance, and I think I have a right to ask you to give me at least a part of it to live in. Suppose, for instance, I was to leave you the undisturbed possession of the older part of the house, which you seem to prefer, and you were to leave me the newer part for my sister and myself? I am, however, ready to make any arrangements that will best provide for the comfort of my revered ancestors and their—ahem—friends. Though I have not the honor to be a Castayne by name my-

self, I cannot forget that I am one by blood and descent, and I am ready to do my best for the happiness and—ah—comfort of the family."

This offer did not produce the effect I expected. On the contrary, an angry and threatening murmur arose among them, and Father Ignatius hastily came forward.

"My good young man," he said, "you do not understand us, and it may be that we do not understand you. Let us remain undisturbed as we are, and we do not grudge you your tranquillity."

"Ay, thus it ever was with you, brother Ignatius," said the tall monk, speaking now for the first time; "ever trying to defend the sinner, and prevent his purification by due chastisement. Is it not by these mild counsels, by ill-timed mercy such as this, that the advancement of Holy Church has been retarded and her power crippled? It is no time for such weakness now. I say, let him go from hence at once, or he shall feel what it is to oppose us. The powers of the Church—"

"The good gentleman fancies he is still in the thirteenth century," lisped the languid youth.

"Not that he was so very powerful even in those days," remarked Sir Jasper; "and now that he no longer has so docile a penitent to deal with as our worthy kinsman Sir Alured no doubt was—"

"Hush, I pray you, brother," broke in Sir Richard; "and let us consider what this young man proposes to us. The good Father Hildebrand is perhaps overzealous; but we must treat him with the respect that is his due."

"Undoubtedly, Sir Richard," replied the gentleman in the armchair; "but as this gentleman—by the way, you have have not done me the honor of presenting me to him."

"Sir Charles Hassall," hastily put in Sir Richard, looking towards me. I knew the name well. It was that of the ill-fated gamester who had fallen in the brawl in the green room in old Geoffrey's time, by the sword of my great-uncle, Richard Castayne, as it was believed.

"Thank you," continued Sir Charles. "It seems to me that this gentleman's proposals are sensible enough. It has always been my opinion that our occupation is a sufficiently absurd one; and since the time when I followed Dick Castayne to that out-of-the-way place in which he chose to bury himself, I have always found it a great nuisance to be obliged to frighten every one one sees."

"I assure you, Sir Charles," said I, "that I will do anything I can to serve one who has suffered such deep injury from my family."

"Noble young man!" exclaimed Sir Jasper, with hypocritical fervor, "how I wish I had been a stranger injured by a wicked Castayne! But such of us as are unfortunate enough to belong to your own family deserve some consideration too. What, for instance, will your noble kinsman Sir Alured do, if his place on the battlements is disturbed; the place, I mean, where he —"

"In God's name be silent, brother," broke in Sir Richard, with another nervous glance at the knight; "it is time that this interview should come to an end. What is it that you propose?"

"I propose," said I, "to leave you the free use and occupation of the old part of the house, which you by preference inhabit; and I hope you will meet me by promising not to molest me in the part which shall be considered mine. I will engage that none of your haunts shall be disturbed; and you on your side must engage not to trespass beyond them into the part that I am to live in."

"Even so I knew it would be," said Father Hildebrand; "he speaks to us not in the language of humility, but with words of command. Thus will I do, and thus shall ye do. Are we to be thus commanded by a mere mortal, who treats us with such scant respect?"

"Peace, brother Hildebrand," gently said the old priest; "the young man means well, and what he offers is just, according to his lights. Only the chapel of the blessed St. Hubert must not be disturbed, nor the tower."

"The tower!" I said; "has any one here a claim on the tower?"

"The tower," said Sir Richard, "is the domain of a spirit far older than any of us that are here. Perchance he may be our ancestor, though we are all, as we believe, of Norman blood, and he is Saxon; but we cannot tell. The tower must not be touched."

"But who is this spirit, then?" I asked, with some curiosity. "Certainly I will not disturb him if you wish me to leave him in peace; but how is it that he remains a mystery even to you?"

"My son," said Father Ignatius mildly, "you are unaware of the conditions under which we, unhappy as we are, are obliged still to remain in those scenes in which we passed our lives. He who lives in that tower was, in days gone by, a sage learned

in all the learning of his time; even, I fear me, too learned for one who would be a true servant of Heaven and Holy Church. But five hundred years passed away, such was his strange doom, before he was sent to revisit the earth—five hundred years of oblivion; and if he knows aught now of what he was, he has no power to communicate his knowledge. More I may not tell; but his habitation must be as strictly guarded as even the shrine of the blessed saint whose unworthy priest I am."

I would have questioned him further, but Sir Richard motioned me to silence, as if himself about to speak.

"We accept your proposal," he said. "You swear to leave us undisturbed in those portions of this house in which it is our lot to remain till our deliverance comes, and we swear also on these conditions to leave you undisturbed in that part in which you and yours shall dwell. Is it agreed?"

No sign of dissent was expressed, and Sir Richard resumed,—

"It is agreed, then. Remember, young man, that we are not to be trifled with, and beware how you break this compact."

"So be it," said I. "I accept your conditions, and solemnly bind myself to abide by them, as you, on your side, abide by yours."

Even while I was speaking, the figures in the room began to fade away, and soon I found myself again left alone with the shade of Sir Richard. But I had still one question to put to him, to which I was determined to get an answer.

"Now that we are alone, Sir Richard," I said, "tell me who is this mysterious personage who lives in the old tower. What is his name?"

"We do not know," said Sir Richard.

"You do not know! Why, will he not tell you?"

Sir Richard looked cautiously round the hall for a moment, as if to see that there was no one there to hear.

"He cannot tell us," he said at last.

"Cannot! Why, has he forgotten his own name?"

"We believe not. His name is written, with many other matters of deep import, on the ancient scrolls that he still keeps in the tower. But they are in old Saxon writing; we cannot decipher them; and in his five hundred years of absolute oblivion, he has himself lost the power of expounding them. When we ask his name, he points to certain ancient characters, but we cannot read them, and he

cannot explain them to us. And, indeed, we believe that he remembers his name, but that he has forgotten how to pronounce it."

And as I stood aghast at this astounding statement, before I had time to ask any further question, the figure of Sir Richard melted away, and I found myself alone in the old hall. I hastened out into the open air, and found Fluggles waiting impatiently at the park-gate, and full of questions as to what had kept me so long, which, however, I felt little disposed to answer. My mind kept recurring to the strange scenes I had passed through, and I gave but little attention even to my friend's schemes for the reparation and adornment of the house, however ingenious and tasteful they might be; and I dare say he had never had a duller travelling companion than I must have proved, as the South-Western express bore us leisurely along to Waterloo.

CHAPTER III.

FRESH TROUBLES.

MORE than a month had elapsed after the events mentioned in the last chapter before we came to inhabit the manor. A considerable time was required to put the rooms in order, and make the house generally fit to live in. At last, however, about the middle of October, the long-neglected apartments were got into a habitable condition, and the alterations suggested by Fluggles having been carried out, Bee and I and my aunt Mrs. Gordon, a sister of my father's, whom I had invited to accompany us, went to take up our abode in what she delighted to call "the homes of our ancestors." For a short time we lived there most peaceably and comfortably, little disturbed by the intrusion of living or dead visitors; but after a while it was thought necessary to fill the house with guests, and give an entertainment or two, to make acquaintance with the neighborhood. Of these a most magnificent account was given in the *Hogshire Gazette*, from which, to save trouble, I quote the following announcement:—

"We hear that Mr. Gregory, who has lately come into possession of the magnificent property of Castayne Manor, is about to entertain a large and distinguished party at the old family home of the Castaynes. The entertainments will include a grand ball, to which all the gentry of the county will be invited, as well as another for the benefit of the tenantry.

Among the distinguished guests assembled at Castayne Manor, will be the Earl and Countess of Didcot and Lord Steventon, Lord and Lady Lambrequin, and the Hon. Agatha Cappeline, the Dowager Lady Carruthers, Sir Herbert and Lady Duciper, Sir Geoffrey Botteroll, Sir Guy Destrier, Mr. J. W. Hobbs, M.P., Professor Wolff of Heidelberg, Mr. Gordon of Kilhurie, Mr. R. Courtenay, etc., etc."

I give this list of guests, as I certainly could not have remembered them myself, especially as few of them stayed very long with us. Professor Wolff, an old German *savant*, was one of the few among my guests who were friends of my own. He was a very great man in his own country, a professor of some very abstruse scientific subject, which was not, however, his recommendation to me. Dick Courtenay was another old friend of mine, though he was considerably younger than myself. I sometimes suspected that his friendship for me would not have been so warm in the absence of my sister. Of the rest of my guests I knew very little indeed, having only seen the majority of them once or twice; and the only one among them to whom I was at all attracted was old Sir Guy Destrier, a descendant of the old Destrier family, who had been neighbors and enemies of the Castaynes, for all any one knows, since the beginning of time.

I will not weary my readers with an account of the festivities at the manor. They were not very amusing to me; but as the house was quite full, no better proof could be given that the unseen inhabitants of the manor kept to their bargain, and I was quite relieved from anxiety on that subject at least. Still, after the first week, there were signs of something strange happening. One morning at breakfast, we heard that Miss Cappeline was extremely unwell, and could not leave her room; and on the afternoon of the same day, her parents insisted on taking her home, as, they said, the air of Castayne Manor obviously did not agree with her. I thought they had discovered this rather suddenly, but made no remark; and as all my endeavors to keep them were unavailing, away they went. Two days afterwards, it was Lady Carruthers who suddenly discovered that the situation was damp, and also insisted on going at once, taking her nephew, Mr. Gordon, with her. The same morning, Sir Geoffrey Botteroll informed me, in a rather embarrassed manner, that he was afraid he must cut short his visit, as he was

unexpectedly summoned to town on pressing business. I knew he had received no letter or communication of any kind for the last two days; but I could not tell him so, and as he was obviously determined to go, he went. And then, the next morning, there was the same story over again: Lady Duciper came down to breakfast looking like a ghost, and her husband, making excuses about her health, insisted, like the others, on going away the same day. All this was very singular; but I still had faith in the spirits, and, inhospitable as it may sound, I did not feel very much grieved at the departure of my guests. By the end of the second week, our party was reduced to Sir Guy Destrier, Mr. Hobbs, the professor, and Dick Courtenay, besides, of course, myself and my aunt and sister.

One evening, as we were sitting together in the drawing-room, I got a clue to the cause of these sudden departures. We had just finished a rubber, in which Mr. Hobbs and I had been victorious over Sir Guy and the professor, the latter of whom played very badly, and drove his partner quite to the end of his patience; and we had drifted into general talk, and were listening to a disquisition from Sir Guy on the antiquities of Castayne Manor, with which he was perfectly acquainted, and especially on the date and origin of the old tower on the hill, when Dick Courtenay suddenly broke in.

"Ah, by the way, George," he said to me, "talking of that old tower reminds me—I was down in the village to-day, and I found the people there in a great state of excitement. It seems a mysterious light which used to shine in the tower, suddenly ceased to appear after you came here. But last night it as suddenly turned up again, as at least sixteen perfectly trustworthy witnesses, who all spent the night in places from which they could not possibly have seen it, solemnly aver. It was some farmer, I believe, who saw it first as he was driving home, most probably in a sufficiently happy state of mind to see any amount of lights where no lights were. All the village people seemed tremendously excited about it."

"Ah, indeed," said Sir Guy; "I have heard, too, that there had been no apparitions since you came. Your ancestors seem to have deserted you, Mr. Gregory; but perhaps you are not sorry for that."

"I think Mr. Gregory is much to be congratulated," said the professor laughing, "if since his arrival the villagers have grown so much in common sense as not

to take every passing shadow for a ghost, and every *ignis fatuus* for a mysterious spectral light."

"Will-o'-the-wisps, eh?" said Dick Courtenay. "Yes; I suppose last night's light may have been something of that sort: though it's hardly the sort of ground for them either."

"But as to the ghosts," said my aunt, "I hope this house is not haunted, George; I never knew it was said to be."

"Ghosts! Of course there are ghosts," broke in Sir Guy. "Castayne Manor has been haunted as long as Destrier Castle has, and that is no small thing to say."

"You believe in ghosts, then, Sir Guy?" asked the professor.

"Most certainly I do, sir; as every right-minded man did in my time. Now, I dare say, all that is changed. In my day, sir, a gentleman believed in his Creator, and returned his partner's lead," with a withering glance at the professor. "I have never seen a ghost myself," he added simply, "though I have often watched on the tower where my ancestor Richard, called for his courage Daring Destrier, is said to walk his rounds; but I have never seen him. But there are many here. There is old Sir Alured, of whom we were talking; and his confessor, who was killed by the village mob; and Father Ignatius, who was hanged as a Jesuit; and——"

"You will frighten my aunt, Sir Guy," said I, hastily interrupting him, for the conversation was not at all to my taste.

But Dick immediately took it up again. "You seem well acquainted with the subject, Sir Guy," he said; "and you at least are a believer. Mr. Hobbs, I'm sure you don't believe in ghosts?"

"No, I don't," replied that gentleman reflectively; "and it's rather fortunate that I don't; for if I had believed in them, I should have certainly thought that there were some ghostly manifestations going on in the room next mine. I could have sworn I heard chairs being moved, and people talking in it; and, absurd as it is,—I suppose I was only half awake,—I should have said there was a party playing cards there. In fact the impression was so vivid, that I actually got up and opened the door and looked in. Of course there was nothing. I had been dreaming, I suppose; but to make it all the more ghostly, my clock had stopped, and so I found had the one in the next room—not at the same time, it's true, but still there is a touch of the supernatural in that."

I must here mention that Mr. Hobbs's bedroom opened off the green room, which I have spoken of before as that in which Sir Charles Hassall met his death; and as Mr. Hobbs had always a great deal of correspondence on hand,—for, besides being one of the members for Hogshire, he was also the senior partner in the great firm of Hobbs, Goldenbahn, & Jeffreys, railway contractors, —, the green room itself had been made into a sort of study for him. The spirit of Sir Charles was supposed to haunt both rooms; and though, after the agreement I had made, I had no fear of his causing any annoyance to any one, yet Mr. Hobbs's story caused me considerable anxiety, especially after Dick Courtenay's account of the report about the light.

While this conversation was going on, my sister had gone out of the room to get her cloak for a moonlight ramble on the terrace. She was away some time, and I at last began to get anxious, and left the room in search of her. As I approached the turret room I heard a faint cry, and the next moment Bee came flying out of it and rushed into my arms, sobbing hysterically, and wild with terror. I drew her into my study, which was close by, and there, in the warm, well-lighted room, she gradually recovered herself. She had gone into the little room for her cloak, and was just leaving it, when she felt herself oppressed with a strange sense that some one else was in the room with her. And then she had turned round; and there in a corner of the room stood a tall figure in a monk's dress, with a pale, emaciated face and fearfully bright eyes, which were fixed upon her with a threatening look. She had stood for a time, she did not know how long, spell-bound with terror, when the figure began to advance towards her, and then she shrieked and rushed out of the room. I managed to quiet her by degrees, told her it must have been mere fancy (though I hardly thought so myself), and at last actually persuaded her to come back to the turret room with a light. There she pointed out to me a curtained recess where the figure had stood, and I tried to show her how she must have been deceived by the arrangement of the hangings. But she was positive about the face, and I felt that I knew only too well what she had seen. I persuaded her to sleep in my aunt's room that night; and after installing her there, and calling her maid, I went down-stairs to make her excuses, and send my aunt to her. Dick was very

much disappointed by her non-appearance, and seemed rather anxious. So also did Sir Guy, who, I thought, at one time was going to give me some warning about the apparitions he had spoken of; but if he had meant to do so, he changed his mind, and bidding us good-night, he went up to his room at once. The other gentlemen followed me to the smoking-room; but all three went to bed early, and I was left alone to my not very pleasant reflections. Everything that I had heard seemed to point to a renewal of the disturbances which had prevailed in the manor before my agreement with the spirits. I did not like to think that any of them would have broken their word; but what else could I suppose? Bee's account of the apparition she had seen made me think of Father Hildebrand; while the noises heard by Mr. Hobbs in the green room were very like those which were habitual there when the room was haunted by the spirit of Sir Charles. The chief question, however, was what I was to do. If the spirits had chosen to ignore their engagement with me, was it at all likely that I should be able to recall them to it? However, I was roused from these reflections by a knock at the door; and on its being opened, to my great astonishment the butler presented himself, and asked permission to speak to me for a few minutes.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," he began, "but there's been a awful to-do down stairs. Some of the servants has caught some of them village people's notions, I think" (John had a most unbounded contempt for the villagers), "and they're all gone mad about the ghosts. Mary, that's the under housemaid, sir, has seen something in the gallery, she won't say what; which, of course, sir, I don't believe, nor you don't believe neither, sir, if you'll allow me to say so, as she see anything at all, but she's that frightened she says she won't never go near it again. Then there's Robert, sir. I sent him down to the cellar to fetch up the claret for dinner, and he hadn't been gone not five minutes, sir, when he comes back all white and frightened-like, and says he'd seen such a figure down there as he never see before in all his born days (them was his very words, sir), drinking of the wine out of one of the old tankards. And then they all began to cry out as it was the ghosts the village people talked of; and Saunders—that's Sir Guy Des-trier's man, sir—he said yes, he expected it was the ghost of the old Popish

butler, as was killed here in the old days—that's what he says, sir."

"And what did you say, John?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I up, and I says, 'Mr. Saunders, sir,' I says, 'you are a man as has been a soldier, and oughtn't to be afraid of nothing. Are you willing, sir,' I says, 'to come down to that 'ere cellar along of me, and see what's the row there?' So he says yes; and down we goes and finds nothing, of course, sir, and fetches the wine; but as we was coming away, sir, we hears something fall down behind us with a sort of a clatter. I ain't a timid man, sir; but I don't deny as I was taken aback like. But Mr. Saunders, he steps back quite cool, and picks up a old silver tankard, which I've got it here to show you, sir, and he says to me, he says, 'Who have you got here, Mr. Barnes, as drinks out of this kind of pot?' And I've never seen that tankard before, sir; it's never come under my hands. Of course I don't believe what they say about the ghosts, sir," he went on, with a nervous glance round him; "but it do seem queer, don't it, sir? without it was one of the gentlemen, sir, as wanted to play us a trick. Mr. Courtenay, now, he's always fond of his joke, and I thought perhaps it might be him, just trying to frighten us for a bit of fun. Lord, sir, I don't mind, not a bit; I know them young gentlemen's ways; but, you see, it frightens the other servants; and I thought if it was one of the gentlemen, he'd better not do it again, as it do frighten the common servants; don't you think so, sir? Of course I told them there was nothing to be afraid of; but it do seem queer," he added, rather tremulously.

"You did quite right, John," I said; "and I will speak about it, and see that it does not occur again."

"Thank you, sir," said John; "because, you see, the common servants do get frightened. You don't want anything else to-night, sir? No, sir. Thank you, sir. Good-night, sir," and John beat a hasty retreat.

This story of John's had a considerable effect upon me. I knew he was perfectly reliable, and that what he said was sure to be true; and, strange as you may perhaps think it, it was his story more than anything else that decided me that the ghosts must really have broken their bargain, and be showing themselves again. I suppose it acted as the proverbial last straw, for there was no more reason to see any-

thing ghostly in this than in the more terrible apparition which had frightened my sister; and, indeed, for myself I would rather have faced Humphrey Goldbin, whom I suspected to be the author of the mischief here, than the redoubtable Father Hildebrand. At the same time, an apparition of any kind would probably have more effect upon the servants than upon the more educated members of the household, and certainly would be more widely spread abroad and generally received in the neighborhood. On the whole, I determined that the best thing to be done was to have an explanation with the spirits at once, and find out their intentions. I directed my steps to the gallery, and pushing open the door at the nearer end, I at once saw Sir Richard, slowly and majestically pacing along it. He stopped as he saw me, and looked at me with a frown.

"So you have come again," he said. "It is well; we have expected you. Remain here a while and I will summon the others," and he disappeared through the other door without giving me time to utter a word. I was not prepared for this. I had come thinking myself the aggrieved party, and quieting any fears I might feel by saying to myself that my indignation was just, and that they ought to give way to me. But now that I had been confronted with one of the spirits in person, and received not with humility but with every sign of displeasure, I began to consider whether it was prudent of me to face them again without any summons. They were evidently angry with me; and remembering the threats I had heard before, my indignation gave way to a feeling of nervousness with regard to the interview that was before me. After all, if they chose to show their displeasure, what could they do? Sir Richard had spoken of terrible punishments which would fall upon me if I did not keep my engagement with them; and though it was clearly they who had broken it and not I, still, if any unconscious act of mine had led them to do so, who could tell to what lengths their vengeance might go, or what form it would take? And here I must confess to an unmanly longing that came over me to run away and avoid the interview I had sought. But before I could make up my mind to take any decided course, Sir Richard again appeared, and beckoned to me, with a severe aspect, to follow him; and in a state of much greater nervousness and timidity than on the previous occasion, I was again conducted into the old hall.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE LITTLE PROPHETS OF THE CEVENNES.

I.

THE Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the point to which during the seventeenth century French statesmanship tended. Richelieu, Colbert, Louis XIV., worked to make a France obedient to one will, strong enough to defy Europe, and to seize whatever would add to its prosperity and grandeur. By 1685 every Frenchman was called to fall down and worship this idol on pain of being thrown into the Bastille, or sent to the galleys, or the gibbet. Unfortunately for Louis XIV.'s reputation, there were certain Huguenots in the land who would not serve his gods nor worship the golden image he had set up.

The imperious command had been long delayed, partly through the influence of Colbert, but chiefly by the religious indifference of the king and his quarrels with the pope. But life, through sundry infirmities, having lost its zest, the claims of morality and religion, as preached by Madame de Maintenon, began to look all-important, and Louis XIV. came to the conclusion that his own salvation and the glory of the French monarchy required the extirpation of Protestantism from France.

In his "Politics Drawn from the Very Words of Scripture," Bossuet taught that "the prince ought to employ his authority to destroy false religions in his State," and that "those who would not suffer the prince to use rigor in religious matters, because religion ought to be free, were in an impious error. If they did these things in the green tree what would they do in the dry?" A Christian bishop, a man of heart and imagination, taught this doctrine; a merciless statesman, with the genius of a drill-sergeant, carried it out in the dragonnades and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The story of the great exodus these infamous acts occasioned has often been related, but the history of the vast numbers who were obliged by poverty to remain for nearly another century the prey of the persecutors is far less known. These unfortunate people had not only shared the persecutions of those who subsequently emigrated, but having no means to bribe the soldiers had to endure every indignity. They were sometimes taken from the plough and forced to church by goads like a herd of cattle; their wives and daughters were

flogged, struck on the faces by canes, or dragged through the mud or over the stones by the hair; worst of all, they were compelled to abjure, a sin they felt so awful that it is related of one woman that each time she took the pen she fell down in a fit, and on the last occasion remained so long unconscious that her persecutors were obliged to throw her like a log over the back of a horse and take her to a convent. "For the space of four hours," writes another poor woman, "I was tormented by fifteen persons. I cried with all my strength, begging for the gallows and death. I was nigh unto death; and how happy should I have been if I had died! My house is a tomb, everything reproaches me; my own soul smites me sharply, that 'tis deplorable." Laboring men who had been thus forced to trample on their consciences would leave their plough at the sight of a Protestant coming along the road, and throwing themselves on their knees would call on him to bear witness that they had only yielded to violence. For it was violence of the worst kind to make the custody of a man's own children to depend on his willingness to abjure. Many a man has been hanged for offering the alternative of "your money or your life," but his crime was trifling to those who said, "your children or your conscience." To save themselves from this horrible dilemma the people fled into the woods, where Louvois's soldiers tracked and butchered them by hundreds.

The Bible and the Church, the gospel message and the sacraments; these are the antagonistic notes of the Reformers and the Catholics; and the men who were learned in the Bible and claimed to preach the gospel as the servants of Jesus Christ took the place in the veneration of the people of the men who claimed to speak in the name of the Church, and alone to have power to administer the sacraments. "All the Huguenots ask is their fill of preaching," said Catherine de Medici; and Hooker remarks that among Huguenots the idea so completely prevailed that without a sermon there was no service, that their Catholic countrymen derided their meetings as "mere preach." No doubt they had very much the same idea of the preacher's function as our Nonconformist forefathers who spoke of "sitting under the Word," a phrase that suggests that the preacher was regarded as a channel of grace, and that in listening to a sermon a refreshment was experienced analogous to that produced in a plant by a copious shower. Thus the struggle

always centred in the establishment and maintenance of public worship, and the statesmen who wished to destroy Protestantism were right in concluding that no greater blow could be struck than to close its temples and exile its pastors. Shorn of these locks, the Huguenot Samson could easily be put into fetters and rendered blind.

So the persecutions which heralded the Revocation struck specially at the pastors, and when that event took place terms were no longer kept with them, or with the worship they led. They were to quit the kingdom in a fortnight, and all the temples were to be closed. In a short time, excepting the handful who abjured, the whole body of Huguenot pastors were driven out of the kingdom and eight hundred temples were demolished. Among the ruins of that of Nîmes was long visible the stone that had surmounted the portico bearing the inscription: "This is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven." Is it possible that the first disciples could have felt deeper despair the day after the Crucifixion than did these unhappy Huguenot artisans and peasants?

The prudish Pharisees and light-hearted Sadducees who surrounded the royal gambling-tables at Versailles on Saturdays, and who on Sundays and saints' days knelt devoutly before the painted image of one or other of these early disciples, these charming ladies spoke of the Peters and Johns of their own day, as "those demons." Madame de Sévigné, who, with her friends, found life so agreeable that they were always "dying of laughter," again and again uses this epithet when speaking of the Huguenots, and commiserates her son-in-law, the Marquis de Grignan, who "had made a voyage of frightful fatigue in the mountains of Dauphiny in order to separate and punish some miserable Huguenots who come out of their holes to pray to God, and who disappear like ghosts the instant you seek them and want to exterminate them." These poor "demons" starving for a bit of spiritual food, sought the heights of the mountains and the depths of the ravines, that the mere sight of each others' faces, the mere words of friendly greeting, might strengthen their resolve to live and die in the Reformed faith. Two or three of the emigrant pastors, men with souls more than usually great, determined, notwithstanding the death penalty, to return and satisfy the spiritual destitution of the people. Assisted by a number of day-laborers and shepherds, they began to hold as-

semblies in out-of-the-way places, which, however, were constantly broken up and the congregations massacred. Seized one after another, these devoted pastors were nearly all executed. Claude Brousson, a man of the early martyr type, and Fulcran Rey were hanged; Isaac Homel, old as Rey was young, having led an insurrection in the Vivarias, was broken on the wheel.

De Basville, the chief agent in this tyranny, a calm, methodic, hard man, totally unaffected by religious zeal, opposed to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, secured his position as intendant of Languedoc by oppressing the Protestants with more relentless fury than even the government required. For thirty-three years this frightful man ruled Languedoc, and his own estimate of the number who suffered in that province alone was a hundred thousand persons, the tenth part of whom ended their days at the stake, on the gallows, or by the wheel.*

Under this reign of terror a condition of the public mind supervened which has rarely been paralleled, a condition so very different from ordinary experience that it will be well first to state the nature of the testimony upon which our knowledge concerning it is founded.

Special details are of course dependent on particular testimonies, but on the main outlines of the movement all the authorities, however antagonistic the spirit of their statements, are agreed. Flechier, Bishop of Nîmes, thought worthy to be numbered with Bossuet, Fénelon, and Massillon, as their four statues on the Place Saint Sulpice in Paris testify. — Flechier is the first authority on the Catholic side. He was nominated to the see of Nîmes in 1687. In his "Lettres Choiesies" are several references to the fanatics of the Cevennes, and Letter cxxvii. affords a complete endorsement of all the salient features of the first outbreak. Next comes a work, in three volumes, "Histoire du Fanatisme de notre temps," written by D. A. de Brueys, a native of Provence. De Brueys, born a Protestant, was converted to Roman Catholicism and inducted into the ecclesiastical state by Bousset. The first portion of this work, specially relating the first outbreak, was published in 1692, within four years of the events. De Brueys was a clever literary man, who achieved a permanent niche among French play-writers. His work is full of details, some of which

* Sismondi: *Histoire des Français*, vol. xxv., p. 522.

he evidently got from Jurieu's "Pastoral Letters." The third Catholic authority is the Père Louvreur, a priest of the Christian doctrine, whose work, "Fanatisme renouvelé," appeared before 1704, and treats of the second outburst which took place between 1700-1702. His work was republished at Avignon in 1868, as an apparently Roman Catholic version of these remarkable events.

The Protestant authority for the first period is Pierre Jurieu; the grand Jurieu, as Michelet sympathetically calls him. He began to publish his "Pastoral Letters" in 1688; they were a kind of weekly or fortnightly journal, containing communications from the friends of the Huguenot cause, especially from those suffering persecution in France. The seventh letter contains a great number of testimonies to the sounds and voices heard in the air during September and October, 1686; and he has also given a very full account of Isabeau Vincent. For the second period we have most complete details in the collection now known as the "Théâtre Sacré des Cévennes." The editor, François Maximilien Misson, was a Protestant, holding the office of *conseiller de parlement* at Paris, but who emigrated to England at the Revocation, and became tutor to the Earl of Arran. He was the author of a book that had a great success at the time, "Nouveau Voyage d'Italie, 1691," and of another, "Mémoires et observations faites par un voyageur en Angleterre, 1693." In 1707 he published the "Théâtre Sacré," and in the same year a translation in English appeared entitled "A Cry from the Desert." Both consist, for the main part, of the testimonies of twenty-six of the refugees from the Cévennes, who came to England after the Camisard war. Twelve of these persons took oath before two masters in chancery that their depositions were true. And the greater part of the testimonies were made in the presence of M. Misson and the English editor, the latter affirming that the utmost care was taken not to draw out wonderful statements, but that the witnesses were urged to be most circumspect, not to state anything of which they were not fully assured, and that in the familiar intercourse held with the deponents he never perceived anything contrary to the facts as stated in the collection published. There was every reason at the time for this caution, for the matter was regarded with little sympathy by the Huguenot emigrants in London and elsewhere.

II.

THE Cévennes, the Vivarais, the Dauphiny compose a district worthy the scene of an epic grand as the Arthurian or the Carolingian romances. The Cévennes, with the mountains of Auvergne, form as it were the crown of France, and contain all kinds of natural wonders. Italy and the Holy Land, Algeria and the sweet pastorals of our native country, all find there some representative scene. A land of surprises, of contrasts, its inhabitants are homogeneous with the country. Under the cross for generations, the Revocation had wrought their passionate natures to an intensity of feeling seldom equalled in history.

The first signs of the coming spiritual eruption was that people everywhere began to hear strange sounds in the air; the sound of a trumpet and a harmony of voices. They did not doubt that this music was celestial. It was the note of coming war, the song of the angelic hosts, who, seeing the worship of the poor Cévennols overthrown, offered it up on their behalf. So the pious thought, and wrote their solemn testimony to their friends in Holland and Switzerland.

But a greater wonder was in store, of which this was but the prelude. Suddenly, in various places, many persons, especially the young, were smitten with something which the historians call "ecstasy." They swooned, appeared without any feeling, then broke out into exhortations—fervent, eloquent, correct, well chosen, appropriate, mostly in good French, which was not the language they ordinarily spoke, but which they knew through their Bibles and religious services.

Isabeau Vincent, a shepherdess, who could neither read nor write, was the daughter of a weaver who had forsaken his religion for a bribe, and who gave proof of his fidelity to the bargain by forcing his daughter to church by blows. At ten years of age she had seen a great horror; women and children sabred by cavalry, a temple set on fire while the congregation were at worship—so that the column of flame and the melody of the psalm ascended to heaven at the same moment. Poor and ill-treated, she fled to the house of her godfather. One day the ecstasy came upon her—the exact date has been preserved—February 12, 1688. On the first occasion it was a kind of stupor, but on the second no means would arouse her; she was insensible to pain

and her eyes were closed. Nevertheless, she spoke, and that in a most fervent and edifying manner, calling on those present to repent, referring especially to her father and all who, as he, had Judas-like sold their Lord for money. Her first sermons were in her native tongue, but as her audience began to include persons who knew and spoke French, she spoke in that language and in the most correct manner. What she said was rarely peculiar; she sometimes repeated portions of the Mass in Latin, and then refuted what she had recited. Physicians came to see her, but they found her pulse quite normal and every sign of bodily health. She never complained of being tired, even when she had been talking three, or even five, hours during the night, but went to her labor in the ordinary way. She was arrested, and after being led about in different places was confined in a convent. They shaved her head, took away her clothes, lest they were enchanted, and the priests came to exorcise her. According to De Brueys, she was converted to the Catholic faith, and led a pious life, but it must be always remembered that De Brueys was a dramatist by nature.

Isabeau Vincent was not alone. The ecstasy seized everybody. Between the month of June, 1688, and the end of February following, there arose in the Dauphiny, and then in the Vivarais, five or six hundred prophets of both sexes. The enthusiasm spread like a flood, or like a prairie on fire; every village, every hamlet, every gathering had its prophet. Few old people received the gift, it fell mostly on young men and maidens, and frequently on boys and even little girls. Three shepherd boys, Bompat, Mazet, and Pascalín, respectively eight, fifteen, and twenty years of age, met just as the pastors at Geneva, and examined penitents, who on their knees confessed their apostasy.

But the most striking figure in this first outburst, after *la belle Ysabeau*, was Gabriel Astier, a laborer, twenty-two years of age. On receiving the gift, his first efforts were to communicate it to his own relatives and friends. But, thanks partly to the persecution he endured, his followers became so numerous that he withdrew to Boutières, a wild district. The people gathered here from all parts, settling on the crests of the mountains and in the deep valleys like immense flocks of birds. Their assemblies for worship sometimes numbered three or four thousand persons. Pursued into this retreat by four companies of soldiers, General de Broglie and

the intendant de Basville had themselves to come and raise all the Catholic militia in the neighborhood before these Huguenot peasants could be dislodged. Animated by Gabriel and the other prophets, who described their martyred pastors, Homel and Brunier, as looking down upon them, the first assembly attacked made a vigorous resistance, three hundred peasants being left dead on the field, while only fifty were taken prisoners. On the peaks of the mountains where they had worshipped, the people now saw the corpses of their friends standing out like black spots on the deep blue sky.

Gabriel was broken alive on the 2nd of April, 1690, and on the 4th of November, 1695, the noble-hearted Brousson, almost the only pastor who came to the help of the people, was hanged about sunset at Montpellier. Behind the gallows was a magnificent horizon which stretched away to the sea, and the story of the execution became a sacred legend which was repeated nightly in the cabins of the Huguenot peasants.

The prophetic fire had been stamped upon, but not extinguished. In 1700 it burst out afresh, and soon again becoming universal, was as much distinguished as in 1688, for the extreme youth of its subjects. According to several of the testimonies made in London in 1707, many children between the ages of three and twelve were among the prophets. Guillaume Brugière saw a little boy, three years old, seized by the spirit, fall on the ground, strike his breast, saying it was his mother's sins that thus caused him to suffer; then he exhorted the bystanders to fight the good fight of faith, and repent of their sins, for these were the last times. Jacques du Bois had seen sixty children, between three and twelve, who thus prophesied. Durand Fage heard one night a little girl of eleven pray and preach a sermon three-quarters of an hour long. And the word of these young prophets had all the power that has ever attended analogous movements. Jean Cavalier, cousin of the famous Camisard chief, a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, went to a meeting in a barn from curiosity. Several boys prophesied, each one piercing the young man's conscience more and more sharply. He resisted, striving to get out of the place, praying inwardly that God would fill him with horror for these things if they were not true. But all in vain; when the third little preacher took for his text the well-known evangelic invitation, "Ho! every one that thirsteth,"

the whole assembly were in tears, and Cavalier among the rest. "I was ravished," he relates, "when this inspired boy said that the least and the most simple were of great price before God, that it was the most indigent whom he wished to enrich; only it was necessary to feel one's misery, to know one's spiritual poverty, to be hungry and thirsty, to be admitted to this banquet." The sermon over, he felt as if he had been struck on the breast with a hammer, which set all his blood on fire. He fainted and fell. As he rose he was struck a second time, and his prayers now were intermingled with sighs. After a short calm his agitation recommenced, and he was wholly occupied with the thought of his sins. The little minister called the young man before him, and spoke to him in a way that showed him that he knew all he was feeling. "The boldness of the young boy astonished me," he exclaims. "It was indeed a marvel to see an ignorant and timid child undertake to teach the people, to preach in a language he was incapable of speaking another time, of expressing himself magnificently, and presiding like a bishop in an assembly of Christians." The "little sorcerer" was his first epithet, now it is "this good little minister of Jesus Christ."

Not only children, but childish men and women displayed the prophetic power. Thus Claude Arnassan relates that a shepherd who was regarded as incapable of instruction, and who had moreover never attended divine worship, being taken to a meeting was on his return seized in the usual way and began to prophesy. A similar case is given by Jacques Mazel, and in a third a woman, considered almost idiotic, uttered discourses of so elevated a character, and in such good French, that her hearers said, "This ass of Balaam has a mouth of gold."

Two things have to be noted — first, that these prophesyings rarely meant more than preaching as their pastors would have done, and in occasional intimations of the approach of friends or enemies, or of other dangers which menaced them; second, that the inspiration was not at command, but came in answer to prayer, and always commenced with the words "Mon enfant."

The less cultivated among the priests were not a little troubled, for the whole movement appealed to a mysticism which played a great part in their own religion; the upper clergy and the fashionable abbés

spoke of it with contempt, their pure minds forever connecting it with scenes of libertinism. But the hardest and most impassive of men was in authority, and De Basville without more ado seized about three hundred of the young prophets, threw them into prison, and sent for the faculty at Montpellier to come and report on their state. The physicians examined the children carefully, found that they were in good health, and clearly not lunatics in the ordinary acceptance of the word. What then was the matter with them? The priests suggested demoniacal possession, but this was a little too much for men of science in the days of Newton and Leibnitz, so the faculty reported that the children were *fanatics* — a useful word, for it covered their ignorance, and sounded alarming enough to justify De Basville in any proceedings he thought fit. The youths were accordingly sent to the galleys, or draughted into the army; the younger children returned to their parents, with the caution that if they allowed them to prophesy their homes would be razed to the ground. Certain prophets peculiarly noted were then put to death. David was to be broken on the wheel, Floutier was condemned to the gallows. The latter was only twenty years of age, and shuddered when he saw the gibbet; but David encouraged him, and through his own awful sufferings (September 9, 1701) exhibited a constancy little short of miraculous. He prayed aloud and fervently as he approached the wheel, then being fastened awaited with the utmost firmness the blow of the executioner. One hundred and three times did the bar fall on his mangled body, it seemed as if the spirit within would not take flight, and he hung, his whole frame in fractures, pouring forth blood and prayers.

A reign of terror was again inaugurated. Day and night the militia hunted out the assemblies, horrible tragedies ensued; that at Creux de Vaie in the Vivarais, on the 14th of September, was a massacre. Homes were levelled, the father hanged, the sons sent to the galleys. On the 6th and 7th of November fifteen persons were shot at Tornuc, and eight near Uzès. The prophet Petit-Marc was hanged on a cherry-tree in front of a church. Languedoc was a scene of desolation; in place of fruit the trees bore the blackened forms of the martyr prophets.

The movement now entered its last phase, and the prophets began to speak more than ever of the future. A Ceven-

nol peasant girl announced that many evils were coming upon them, but that a new world would be made.

The younger prophets disappear, a sterner spirit is in the air. Men strong of will and fierce in passionate resentment come to the fore. Mazel, Conderc, and Segurier simultaneously receive a revelation confirmed by symbolic visions. The children of God are to drive away the priests and make war on the king. The other prophets tremble at this awful word, for it means nothing less than insurrection with inevitable destruction as a result; even those whose faith is most profound can only speak of the shepherd boy who in the might of God overcame the lion and the bear.

But suddenly there appears a prophet named Etienne who was thought to be dead, and whom De Basville had forgotten in his cell. "The angel of the Lord has delivered me; God will soon raise in France forty thousand prophets at the head of whom will come a mighty monarch." He who had delivered England, who had been the chief actor in her revolution, was now expected to be the saviour who should deliver France. The hopes of these poor Huguenots were in God and William of Orange.

III.

ALLOWING for the natural hyperbole of popular excitement, the physical phenomena connected with this movement are analogous to those that have taken place on other occasions, and capable therefore of natural explanations.

Jurieu devotes a whole pastoral letter to testimonies about the hearing of the sound of a trumpet and a harmony of voices in the air. Some thought that it might be the singing of certain persons met together in woods or the caves to worship secretly, and it seems probable enough that little companies might gather in very secluded spots, without being aware how far sound would travel, and how in a mountainous district like the Cevennes it would echo and re-echo. But supposing psalm-singing was too entirely suppressed for such to have been the case there were many other sounds, coming from a distance amongst the hills, that would produce the impression of "the sound of a trumpet and a harmony of voices." At the present day each sheep in a Cevennol flock wears a little bell attached to its neck, so that when they all move together the combined music makes a sound like the ringing of a great brass

bell at a distance.* The shepherds and the herdsmen carry horns which they blow when they lead or gather their flocks.

How easy to magnify sounds like these, heard under peculiar states of mind, and especially at that mystic hour which is neither day nor night, that hour when all nature seems to join in one common hymn of praise! Jurieu himself admits that in the Cevennes the miraculous character of these sounds might be contested, but the testimony from Orthès he evidently thinks cannot be doubted. Here it was reported that there was not a house but where there was a person who had heard this celestial music. But Orthès, standing on one of the outlying spurs of the Pyrenees is not a very great way from the pass of Roncevalles where Roland, Charlemagne's great-nephew, fell, and the legend that his horn was heard at nightfall calling for help, doubtless then as now filled the neighborhood. It was from the lips of one who spent his early days in Orthès, a Basque of Huguenot descent, that I first heard that grand and lovely poem which this old legend drew from Alfred de Vigny:—

Monts gelés et fleuris, trône des deux saisons,
Dont le front est de glace et le pied de gazons,
C'est là qu'il faut s'asseoir, c'est là qu'il faut
entendre
Les airs lointains d'un cor mélancolique et
tendre.

No better testimony, however, to their elevation and purity of heart than that these poor Huguenots should believe in the music of the spheres, and think that they heard

The bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
and console themselves with the thought that it was the annunciation of the good news that truth and justice were about to return to men, bringing "Mercy throned in celestial sheen." "Tis the last persecution," said Jurieu, "they will entirely cease in 1687. God will give a Protestant prince to France, and by a solemn edict of the prince, and by a great voice from heaven, the total destruction of popery shall happen." Sufferers as he and his people had been and still were, he did not credit the hardness and the darkness into which their persecutors had fallen, and did not consider that

first to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep.

* See Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes.

De Brueys would have it believed that the prophetic outburst thus preluded was got up by the exiled pastors, inspired by their Mephistopheles, Jurieu. Du Serre, *un gentilhomme verrier*, a Calvinist who lived in the mountain of Peyra in the Dauphiny, was chosen as their agent; and he it was who founded "this horrible school," by getting about thirty children into his power, himself instructing the boys, and handing over the girls to his wife.

Granting that the enthusiasm of both Jurieu and Du Serre greatly influenced the movement, it cannot be pretended that an old glass-maker in a remote village of the Dauphiny, armed with a learned theological work published in Holland, could have got the public mind into such a condition that in a few weeks the whole country was spiritually in flames. At the utmost, Du Serre but struck the spark which ignited the tinder.

It is universally admitted that nothing more readily throws the brain into an abnormal condition than for its attention to be concentrated on some one point to the exclusion of every other. By a series of persecutions going on through generations, and now in their own times brought to a well-nigh unparalleled climax, these people had been forced to think of no other subject but religion, and on religion as represented by public worship and the pastoral office.

To be deprived of pastors, of the consolation of listening to the preached word, was, from their point of view, to be left to die in a spiritual winter without food. For them and their children it was felt to be well-nigh a sentence of eternal death. And not only were their minds agitated by the thought of so overwhelming a calamity, but the final blow had been brought about suddenly, and with the most brutal violence. Their pastors had been driven into exile, hanged, or broken on the wheel, their temples had been ruthlessly destroyed, they had heard the shout of triumphant derision, they had seen their brethren drop beneath the bullets, their wives and daughters insulted, their friends dragged off to the galleys, or hanging on the gibbet, and they had no words but the cry:—

O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance,
They have set thy sanctuary on fire;
They have burned up all the synagogues of
God in the land,
There is no more any prophet:
Neither is among us any that knoweth how
long.

Have respect unto thy covenant:
For the dark places of the earth are full of the
habitations of violence.

The preliminary symptoms—the leaping, fallings, convulsions, heavings of the breast, gurglings in the throat—are not the things which strike us here, since they are by no means peculiar to this movement, but have more or less characterized every powerful religious agitation, whatever may have been the intellectual ideas at its basis; the distinctive feature on this occasion is the power of prophesy displayed by a whole people, and especially manifested by the young.

Is this extraordinary condition of things capable of any natural explanation? I think I am on the right track in saying that it was due to a preternatural excitement of the faculty of memory, not simply of memory personal and individual, but of that unconscious memory which we receive from our ancestors.

The following case, given by Dr. John Abercrombie,* much abbreviated for want of space, while it is closely parallel in its physical phenomena to what Jurieu relates concerning Isabeau Vincent, shows most strikingly that memory is a power unlimited in its operation, and that in its unconscious workings it is most vigorous and overmastering where its subjects are least cultured and nearest the condition of the animal world.

A girl of seven years, employed in tending cattle, slept in an apartment next to one occupied by an itinerant fiddler, a musician of considerable skill, who frequently spent the night in performing pieces of a refined description. She fell ill, was taken care of by a lady, and eventually became her servant. Some years elapsed, and the family were often surprised to hear music during the night. At length the sound was traced to the sleeping-room of the girl, who, fast asleep, was warbling in a manner exactly resembling the sweetest tones of a small violin. It was found that after being two hours in bed she became restless, and began to mutter to herself; then uttering noises resembling the tuning of a violin, she dashed off, after some prelude, into elaborate pieces of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner. A year or two passed away, and she began to vary her performance by imitating the sounds of an old piano in the house, the singing of the inmates; and further on

* Intellectual Powers of Man. Eighth edition, p. 304.

she began to discourse on a variety of topics. The justness and truth of her remarks on all subjects excited the utmost astonishment in those who were acquainted with her limited means of acquiring information. She was known to conjugate correctly Latin verbs, and to speak several sentences in French. During her paroxysms it was almost impossible to wake her, and when her eyelids were raised, and a candle brought near the eye, she seemed insensible to light. About sixteen she began to observe those who were in the apartment, and answered questions put to her with astonishing acuteness. This affection went on for ten or eleven years. She was, when awake, a dull, awkward girl, slow in receiving any kind of instruction, without any turn for music, or apparently any recollection of what passed in her sleep. At the age of twenty-one she became immoral, and was dismissed. It is believed that she afterwards became insane.

The many points of analogy between this case and that of Isabeau Vincent led me to choose it out of others, but since it may be thought that its subject suffered from mental disease, I will mention another where there is no such suspicion — nothing, in fact, peculiar but a condition of primitive barbarism.

Dr. Moffat relates that after preaching a sermon on eternity to some Africans, he heard a simple-looking young man repeat it all over again to a group of natives with uncommon precision; the very gestures being reproduced. On telling him that he had done more than the original preacher could do, repeat the sermon verbatim, the savage touched his forehead, and said, "When I hear anything great it remains there."

These two cases not only prove that memory is a power of which it is impossible to limit the operation, but support what Hartmann says in his "Philosophy of the Unconscious": "The more limited is the range of the conscious mental activity of any living being, the more fully developed in proportion to its entire mental power is its performance commonly found to be in respect of its own limited and special instinctive department." Now this was exactly the condition of the little prophets of the Cevennes. They were the least developed minds among the humblest and most ignorant of these persecuted Protestants. It is probable that most of them could neither read nor write; we are expressly told that Isabeau Vincent could do neither.

Some may think that they repeated, like the African, only what they had just heard, either from their parents or the older prophets; but that this could not be is manifest from some of the cases quoted, and any one who studies the whole evidence must see that few popular movements have been more spontaneous.

People who have met with infant prodigies, who can repeat by rote long poems, must have felt that the wonder was in no way enhanced by the way in which the lesson was recited. The child knew the words but did not enter into the ideas. How different from the impression created by these child prophets! Their parents in terror try to stop their mouths, even going the length of personal violence; fathers obey the awe inspiring commands of their little sons, and at their bidding send for those with whom they have quarrelled, and an envenomed rustic dispute is healed in a moment; apostates kneel before these infant Samuels, and allow themselves to be interrogated on their secret motives; young men at the period of existence the least willing to submit to humiliation find their consciences probed, and yield themselves to the direction of boys several years their juniors.

No lesson just learnt, no lesson learnt at any time in their lives, consciously or unconsciously, is sufficient to explain this prophetic power — a power not simply the possession of one child here or there, but of hundreds. I conceive it was the result of an awakening in their minds of memories which had descended to them as all their other faculties. These memories recalled the very thoughts, the very phrases of countless sermons heard by their ancestors. If some one had taken notes of the sermons preached by these child prophets I believe that they would have been found to have had a family resemblance, and that resemblance would have accorded wonderfully with the ancestral type. The very fact that those who made the testimonies in London dwell scarcely at all on what the children said, but only in general terms speak of the pathos and excellence of sermons that sometimes went on for an hour, or even two, shows that the young preachers uttered nothing new or peculiar. And when, as in the case I have quoted from Cavalier's testimony, some account is given, it is clear it was altogether such a sermon as a fervent Huguenot divine might have preached in any generation. These prophecies were evidently the sacred thoughts expressed in the sacred language, nothing

more and nothing less. If we are unable to conceive memory working at such a pitch, it is because our imagination, not being adequately sustained by knowledge, is unequal to conceive the degree to which this sacred lore had been burnt into the soul of a long-suffering people.

Edgar Quinet, as far back as 1825, asked the questions: "How far do the memories of the species reflect themselves in the individual? How do such memories harmonize with his own impressions? What law do they impose on his personal activity?" And with a kind of inspiration he replied: "He who would understand history must consent first of all to look into himself and become attentive to the movements of his own mind. He who truly does this will discover buried there the whole series of the past ages." This thought, sublime and vague, modern scientists declare to be the simple fact.

Professor Ernst Haeckel says: "Without the recognition of an unconscious memory in living matter the most important functions of vital matter remain totally inexplicable."

Professor Ewald Hering, of Prague, teaches that memory is a universal function of organized matter from the earliest existence of things to the present time. Memory is continuous. Though individuals die their offspring carry on the memory of all the impressions their ancestors acquired or received. We are, as the author of "Life and Habit" puts it, "one person with our ancestors."

So general a truth is necessarily controlled and limited by many considerations, one of which is stated strongly by Mr. Galton in his "Hereditary Genius," where he tells us that the consequence of Darwin's theory of pangenesis is that a man is wholly built up of his own and his ancestral peculiarities, and only in an infinitesimal degree of characteristics handed down in an unchanged form. Applying this to the memory, we see that it is supported by experience, for it is clearly a man's own impressions and those of his immediate ancestors that this faculty most vividly reproduces. Now, in the case of these child prophets, their own individual impressions were few and limited, and consequently those received from their immediate progenitors overpowered all others. What these impressions would be a moment's consideration of their ancestral history shows. Within a century and a half the ancestors of the people affected by this prophetic power had passed through a mental revolution; they

had changed their religion, and that at the bidding of a teaching which spoke to them as individuals, who had souls entirely and distinctly separable from all the rest of the universe — souls that might be eternally lost or saved. This tremendous appeal had in most cases resulted in an actual interior struggle which had commenced for them a new period of existence in which they became peculiarly sensitive to religious teaching.

RICHARD HEATH.

From The National Review.
COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, speaking at the Diamond Fields (November 14, 1884) during a tour through South Africa, has aptly and figuratively described the duties of a colonial governor. "This functionary was," he said, "like the little figure in a Dutch weather-glass, which only comes out under an umbrella when the barometer points to stormy. On ordinary occasions, as Lord Dufferin well described it, he more resembles the man we see tending some complicated piece of machinery, who goes about clad in fustian, with a little tin can having a long spout to it, and pouring a drop of oil here, and another there, with a view of securing the working of the various parts with as little friction as possible." These resemblances are quite true of an ordinary constitutional governor who reigns in a colony, such as New South Wales or Victoria, possessing responsible government. He is the representative of the crown, and stands between it and the colonists as a just intermediary and a learned interpreter of the rights of both. It is obvious that he must be extremely well versed in law, and especially constitutional law; and it is no less obvious that he must know mankind, and especially colonial mankind. To feel the pulse, as it were, of colonists, to gauge their humors, to distinguish between passing ebullitions of temper, and a real, deep-seated sense of grievance — in a word, *veras cognoscere causas* of the random fluctuations of legislation in a new society — are gifts which should belong to colonial governors by nature and training. Crucial questions of policy are always being presented to them upon which they have to make up their minds and report faithfully to the home government. What more important colonial question can there be at present than the federal movement

in our Australasian settlements? At the same time, what more puzzling question can there be? At every point local jealousies may be aroused and local rights may be invaded, if precipitancy is displayed and ill-digested measures are allowed to pass into law. To find a suitable *modus vivendi* between the various interests and peoples of our Australasian settlements, to work towards a great ideal without sacrificing individual and provincial rights, to mould the opinion of "reponsible advisers" by timely and sensible suggestions, and to represent fairly the wishes of the Cabinet at home, are duties and functions which belong in a special sense to her Majesty's supreme representatives in these colonies. If Australasian federation ever becomes an accomplished fact, it may be taken for granted that at every important stage of the proceedings the hands of the constitutional governors have, to use Lord Dufferin's simile, been ready to mollify and lubricate.

It would probably surprise the circle of our stay-at-home and purely domestic politicians to find out how many real administrative and social difficulties are constantly being thrust upon our colonial governments. There is a constant demand for more constitutional freedom in colonies where the fullest powers of representative government have not yet been conceded. From time to time this demand has been heard from Jamaica and Natal. Now it comes to us from Mauritius. Sir John Pope Hennessy has come to the conclusion that the Creoles are ready for a political emancipation from the thraldom of a crown colony. His influence as a governor has been very great in guiding and giving force to this movement. How far, in granting a constitution, the *civitas Britannica*, and the privileges of a much-envied civic freedom are to be given—whether they are to be doled out in dribbets, or lavished indiscriminately upon all our subjects without distinction—constitutes a formidable legislative problem in several parts of the British Empire.

Supposing a constitution and a low franchise are given to Natal, are we to favor the thirty thousand white men at the expense of the ten thousand industrious Bombay coolies and the four hundred thousand Kafirs found in her boundaries? In the Cape Colony the franchise was thrown broadcast over the land for Europeans and natives alike; but would the same prodigality be harmless in Natal, where the white settlers are in reality but

a small oligarchy? A governor has frequently to decide in his own mind, especially in settlements where the natives preponderate, whether he shall depress or elevate a white oligarchy. Unless he is careful he may lose sight of the imperial sentiment, and allow the settlers to do the same, if he is constantly glorifying the especial sphere in which he is placed, and always arguing, tacitly or openly, for local autonomy. The temptation to exaggerate the importance of a particular circle of interests is one to which colonial governors are especially liable. Hence the charge against them, sometimes raised unfairly and unjustly, that they are sacrificing imperial to colonial interests and enriching the settler at the expense of the English taxpayer.

It is clear that the position of governors has greatly changed of late years, especially since 1850, the era of a liberal colonial policy, when colonial constitutions were given to all communities which asked for them, and were capable in any way of receiving them. We have a long roll of able and illustrious men at the head of dependencies which promise to develop infinitely greater wealth and resources than they possess at present. As we have outshone the world in that peculiar and exceptional class of men known as Indian administrators, so we may excel in our colonial governors. Their office, whether they preside over "crown" or "responsible" colonies, is no sinecure.

In the good old times the aspirant to an island governorship was regarded as an eccentric individual with an ambition not much higher than that of Sancho Panza. Frequently he was the discredited scion of an illustrious house and the pest of the Colonial Office. The parting blessing of Lord Bathurst to a colonial governor was, "Joy be with you, my good fellow; and let us hear as little of you as possible." The gentleman thus summarily dismissed was entrusted with large powers and a *carte blanche* to act pretty much as he pleased. Above all things, he was required not to bother the Colonial Office with questions and correspondence of a voluminous character. This office returned the compliment of silence by judiciously veiling their eyes to vexatious complaints from abroad directed against their discreet administrator. And, as long as he did not indulge in heroics in speech or action, the mantle of colonial responsibility sat lightly upon him, and the joy of Lord Bathurst was with him. No doubt it was desirable in the first instance for

the colonial secretary to be wise in his choice. He had a number of candidates to choose from, both naval and military men, all of whom might claim several years' service by sea and land as a sufficient recommendation for the varied civil duties of a colonial governor. Occasionally it was hinted from the colonies that the selection was not always judicious. In the annals of New South Wales it is recorded "that the English government spoiled an excellent seaman to make a very inefficient governor" when they appointed Captain Bligh in 1806; but the old *régime* was destined to run its course. At the Cape in 1821 Lord Charles Somerset was chiefly known as a sportsman and horse-racer, and as an aristocratic stickler for class privileges and as an enemy of a free press. But these days of random selection are gone by, and a wise discretion has to be employed, whether a governor-general of the Dominion of Canada has to be sent out, or a humbler functionary known as the commissioner of Seychelles, or the presiding magistrate of Anquilla in the Leeward Islands. Political life and civic aspirations are rife everywhere, even in such small members of the British Empire as St. Kitts and Dominica.

It is the day of great ideas; and the idea of political union amongst themselves, and possibly disruption from the British Empire, has entered into the minds of the inhabitants of Grenada, St. Vincent, Tobago, St. Lucia, and others. The governors of these islands have no easy time of it as in the days of Earl Bathurst. The sugar industry and its financial aspect are the spectres of their office, destined to monopolize their waking and to disturb their sleeping hours. The only place, apparently, where a congenial home could be found for such a governor as Captain Bligh of Australian fame is the island of Ascension, where, literally speaking, the fashion of his authority is as complete and as unquestioned as on the quarter-deck of one of her Majesty's ships. Moreover, whatever asperities there may be to interrupt the course of his dictatorial rule, may be mollified by the aldermanic luxury of turtle soup for the asking.

Certainly governors live under altered circumstances, and in the midst of a greater stress of business. The affairs of ten or twelve millions of Britons and British subjects located in various parts of the world, have to be clearly understood and vigorously grappled with by them. Day by day the field of responsibility is

widening and the area of their respective administrations becoming more complex. No proconsul of ancient times had more anxious rule than our governors. With a slight paraphrase we may say that "uneasy lie the uncrowned heads" of our dependencies.

In Australia, the governors of New South Wales and of Victoria find themselves in hostile camps, and in the dust and din of battles about free trade and protectionist principles. They and their *confrères* of adjacent settlements have to negotiate in such a vexed matter as the limit and boundaries of our south Pacific empire. The class of questions which have clustered recently round New Guinea, the Samoan and Fiji group, have all required the anxious deliberation of the illustrious men who act as her Majesty's intermediaries in those distant seas, and may find at any moment that they may be involved in the intricacies of an international kind. How wide and varied must be the knowledge and sympathies of our colonial satraps, may be gathered from the following description of their office by a colonial judge.

"The peculiar circumstances of a colony — even the peculiarities of soil and climate and of its geographical position — may require, on the part of the governor, the exercise of liberal and enlightened views, both as to agriculture and commerce. The laws of a colony, with a view to the mixed nature of its population and their especial manners and habits, may require from the governor the display of qualities of mind obtained only by the study of philosophical jurisprudence and legislation."

If we set these qualifications aside by side with those more tersely and epigrammatically set forth by Lord Dufferin, and require the master of jurisprudence and the expert in geography and ethnography and anthropology to sink his pretensions and *rôle* to that of the unobtrusive lubricator of the colonial machinery, or the dummy figure in a Dutch clock, we seem to require a combination of modesty and accomplishments rarely found in mankind. The candidate for satrapic and proconsular honors, may well pause before starting on his administrative errand at the Cape or in the Pacific.

Yet it must be confessed that, somehow or other, Englishmen have been found in sufficient numbers to combine the office of mentors and disciples, of political masters and of political pupils. They have advised, yet at the same time have been

advised by, their responsible ministers. Their office is almost incomprehensible to a foreigner who has not grasped the compromises and balances of constitutional government as developed by ourselves. The hard and fast rules of bureaucracy, with its official pomposity and exact letter of the law, are essentially opposed to the British view of constitutional government.

Africa, in this matter as in many others, provides us with exceptional difficulties. In no part of the world has a governor, whether in Natal or the Cape, whether the head of a crown colony or a responsible government, found it more difficult to act or to have his advice taken. Sir Henry Bulwer, the late governor of Natal, was treated as a cipher by the late government on the subject of Zululand. Over and over again Sir Henry represented in a strong and official manner his views of the duties of England in Zululand, but over and over again his words and counsels were disregarded. As time went on, events seemed to prove his wisdom, but Lord Derby would not be enlightened by predicted or actual calamity and bloodshed. The fields of Zululand were left to welter in bloodshed. The Zulus themselves are a prey to Boer rapacity and internal anarchy, and the present position in south-east Africa is not only a reflection upon our statesmanship, but a blot upon our humanity. Yet the governor of Natal proved that he was wise and could estimate evidence and give advice. He spoke thus of Cetywayo's restoration (1880) after Ulundi:—

Left alone, free from within and from without, the thought of the king's return or restoration would not so much as occur to them. Wishes and hopes they have none, unless they foresee that the course of coming events obliges them to express hopes or wishes which may in no way represent their real sentiments.

No words could have been wiser and truer than these, yet they were rejected.

Again, on the subject of South African confederation, the position of Sir Henry Barkly, the governor of the Cape at the time (1874-5), was rendered difficult by the action of imperial officers and emissaries. It was Mr. Froude who, whether intentionally or not, made the position of the Cape governor an awkward one. The idea of a conference, as well as the plan of South African confederation as formulated in the South African Permissive Bill, had been virtually negatived by the Molteno Cabinet. Mr. Froude, however, conducted an agitation within and without the borders of the Cape Colony against

their decision. Sir Henry Barkly should have been, for the imperial government, their sole and properly accredited adviser of the state of colonial opinion. This function Mr. Froude seemed temporarily to arrogate to himself in an unconstitutional manner.

Most of the troubles, however, of a Cape governor are caused by his high commissionership, an extra office attached, as a rule, to this representative of the crown. Sir Henry Barkly, Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Hercules Robinson have all been invested with a dual and occasionally discordant imperium. A somewhat parallel situation would arise if the governor of Queensland, Sir Anthony Musgrave, were invested with that roving commission which Sir Peter Scratchley held along the coasts of New Guinea and amongst the islands of the Pacific. The latter had to be a kind of itinerary justice of the peace over wide and unsettled areas, but constitutional duties bind Sir Anthony Musgrave down to Brisbane. Yet in South Africa we have apparently demanded that our constitutional governor at Capetown should go far beyond the range of his colony, and wander forth as an argus-eyed reformer of border abuses twelve hundred miles from his residence. But such a supervision of imperial interests has proved a failure. It was asking too much of any one officer of the crown to do. The combination of the two offices is a relic of the old military *regime* at the Cape before the days of constitutional government. This high commissionership is a wide and important office. Its area is broadened and narrowed according to circumstances. It will be recollected that Sir Bartle Frere lost his high commissionership in the Transvaal and Zululand. Originally he possessed a much more authoritative mandate than his predecessor Sir Henry Barkly. By the terms of his commission the latter was empowered "to settle and adjust the affairs of the eastern border of the Cape Colony" but Sir Bartle Frere had the virtual jurisdiction over "the territories in South Africa adjacent to the Cape Colony or those with which it was expedient that her Majesty should have relations." At the same time he was required "to invite and obtain the co-operation of the Dutch republics, or of any foreign power toward the preservation of peace and safety in South Africa, and the general welfare and advancement of its territories and peoples." As to his functions and duties he was enjoined "to take all

measures, and to do all that can be lawfully and discreetly done for preventing the recurrence of any irruption into her Majesty's possessions by hostile tribes, and for maintaining the said possessions in peace and safety, and for promoting, as far as may be possible, the good order, civilization, and moral and religious instruction of the native tribes in South Africa; and, with that view, of placing them under some form of government." The powers, magisterial and administrative, thus delegated to the high commissioner were indeed great. They were necessitated by the circumstances of the case, and the presence of the natives. In South Africa the Kafir tribes are a problem within a problem. Over and above their range of civil and constitutional duties the governors of the Cape have had always to consider the supreme question of law and order on the frontier. The position of such a governor as Sir Frederick Weld in British Malaya is far different. Although he has to deal with swarms of natives he finds them tractable and obedient, and bound together under their rulers in more cohesive union than the Kafir clans of South Africa could possibly be. He is assisted by a Legislative Council who are fairly unanimous upon essential matters of finance and general administration. In South Africa the Dutch republicans and English settlers have not yet agreed upon forms of government or the general principles of native administration. British Malaya is peaceful and prosperous by the side of litigious South Africa, and Sir Frederick Weld can congratulate himself upon a unanimity between the governors and the governed, which for the present Sir Hercules Robinson may despair of obtaining.

Sir Hercules Robinson has pointed out the peculiarities of his position, and his own words spoken at Kimberley in November, 1884, are the best commentary on the vexed nature of a dual imperium:—

The difficulties [he remarked] of a constitutional Governor are greatly increased by the office being held in conjunction with that of Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa. In that capacity there are personal duties to be performed outside the Cape Colony which extend over nearly the whole of South Africa. These duties are of an Imperial as distinguished from a Colonial character; and their peculiarity is that whilst they exist to carry out a policy determined by the Imperial Government, they must be made to harmonize with those which exist to carry out a policy determined by the Parliament of the

Cape. The task of reconciling the sometimes conflicting policies is often one of peculiar anxiety and difficulty, so much so that it has at times been suggested that the two offices should be separated; but the dual duties dovetail, as it were, into each other to such an extent as to render it almost indispensable that they should centre. In my capacity as Her Majesty's High Commissioner I have had, ever since my arrival in South Africa, to attend to a constant succession of anxious duties, amongst which I may specify the Basuto Award, the Pretoria Convention, the resumption of Basutoland by the Imperial Government, the Convention of London, and the establishment of a Protectorate in Bechuanaland.

There has been a good deal of discussion lately on this Bechuanaland subject. It has been objected by some that a policy in the new protectorate will not succeed if it is to be at the mercy of colonial cliques at Capetown. The Cape Colony has enough to tax her administrative energies in the Transkei and Tenbullah; and why should she point an ambitious finger northwards? If she wishes to rule natives, are not the Basutos and the Pondos near at hand—far nearer than the Bechuanas? Truly the administrative field of South Africa is a large one. The area of the country gradually falling under civilized control may be calculated as exceeding seven hundred thousand square miles. The native population living in this vast region is roughly computed at two and a half millions. Surely there is room for a separate commissionership! It would be no reflection on the abilities and undoubted eminence of Sir Hercules Robinson if he divided the honors of South African administration with some other representative of her Majesty.

WILLIAM GRESWELL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WILD-BOAR SHOOTING NEAR THE HEATHEN WALL OF THE VOSGES.

A THREE hours' drive up hill on a dark winter's night through an unknown forest is not a cheerful termination to a tiresome railway journey; and as the train came into the little station of Oberenheim, or Oberrnai, as it is called in Alsace, I thought with dread of the cold, stuffy carriage and stumbling, weary horses. The anticipation of a discomfort is said to be generally worse than its reality, but it was not so in this case. When the train stopped, a woman came up to the only traveller who left it.

"You are the Herr who telegraphed for a carriage?"

"Yes; I am the Herr."

She was overcome with sorrow — the telegram had arrived too late — no carriage could be had that night.

"No carriage in all Obernai?"

"No; one was away at Strassburg, and the other two would not be back till the morning."

"And were there only three in the town?"

"Only three."

It was necessary for me to get up to St. Odille that night; how was it to be done? It could not be done — the Herr must sleep in the town. But it was necessary for the Herr to sleep at St. Odille. Then it was impossible for the Herr to get there. A small circle of boys formed round the debaters, enjoying the Englishman's predicament, and delighting in his grammar. The station master and the porter and the guard joined it, each giving sympathetic advice as to the best course to take. Then the whistle sounded, and the last named making a swoop at the boys, who were becoming too loudly demonstrative, darted after his train.

I went, guided by the woman, to a small inn, and there entered into another fierce debate with her and the landlady. It did not look an inviting place to stay at; the *Gast-stube* was heated to a painful extent to one coming in out of the cool, fresh air, and its mistress kept a watchful eye on the door, that as little as possible of the atmosphere, reeking with onions and beer and tobacco, should escape.

It was impossible to get a carriage or a horse or a pony — yes, or a donkey — to take the Herr up to St. Odille. Then the Herr would get a man. But a man could not carry the Herr's bag. Then the Herr would unpack his bag, and make it so that a man could carry it; but go he would to the convent that night, if he had to carry it himself, and find his own way. So the women gave in, and after an hour's delay a man was found. I unpacked this bag — sadly leaving out of it all the luxuries I possessed — in a billiard room, a cold, musty, desolate chamber, and then stumbled out into the dark on what was said to be a three hours' walk.

Before we got out of the ancient street, lit by lamps suspended from house to house, rain began to fall, and when we reached the open country there seemed every prospect of a wild night. The wind rose, and increased in force every minute. It sang drearily through the naked vine-

poles, and made the tall poplars which bordered the road for the first mile or two groan, and creak, and swish their tops. Every now and then it caught the pack on the guide's back, and acting on it as on a sail, fairly stopped him for a moment, or slewed him round. But the guide was a cheery fellow and a strong; he laughed at the wind when it brought him to, and said it would not be felt when the forest was reached. He spoke three languages — French, German, and Italian. Indeed he may be said to have spoken four, for his ordinary conversation was carried on in a *patois* unintelligible to any one but a native. He knew also a few words of English.

After an hour's walk we reached the forest — a forest through which a man could travel in a straight line, as a bullet or a hawk would go, for one hundred and fifty miles. There we had shelter, but far above the silver firs crashed against one another, and there was that stormy music which he was thinking of who wrote how

Wind, the grand old harper, smites
His thunder-harp of pines.

The road grew steep, and the rain turned to snow, which made the walking tiresome. Every now and then we passed a ruined castle, the ancient home of robbers. They were not visible to me, but I was told of them from time to time by the guide. "There is the castle of So-and-so, monsieur," and I looked, and saw nothing but a black background, against which the large grey snowflakes were falling. When we reached a place where the road surveyor had deposited large heaps of metal with mathematical nicety in the very centre of the track, I ceased to regret the carriage; it would clearly have been impossible to get one up here. We never saw this metal; it always called our attention to its presence by tripping us up, and bringing us to our knees. The white heaps did not show, and we were continually experiencing the disagreeable sensation of thinking the last step in a flight of stairs has been passed when there is yet another.

Then we left the main road and took to a footpath, and here it was so dark a lantern had to be lit. By its feeble gleamings we slipped and struggled up long, winding ways, always bordered on the one side by what might have been precipices, as far as I could see, but were in reality only steep slopes. The further we went the worse this path got, and at last ice took the place of snow. I was too

much occupied to see how the guide got up this ice, but he who followed accomplished the ascent on all-fours. Then suddenly I heard the familiar sound of a shutter—a shutter swinging backwards and forwards, creaking, and every now and then striking with a bang against the wall. A great black mass seemed to rise up in front and block the path, and the convent was reached. Feeling the way along a wall, we got through an archway into a great quadrangle, and presently were hammering away at a door which I judged led to the habitation of the nuns. But it was opened by a small, apple-faced old man in his stocking feet, who seemed much surprised at such late visitors. Our object was explained to him, and he retired to put on his boots, whilst first one, and then another, and then another old man, of much the same appearance, came out of the kitchen and examined us. We waded through deep snow into another quadrangle, through another archway, and then stood in a wide and ancient cloister, from which many doors opened. The old man opened one of them, and I, being close behind, followed him into a chapel. I saw a good many kneeling figures, and heard their loud responses, and, rather scandalized at the intrusion, retreated. But the apple-faced old man spoke to one of the kneeling people, and immediately a grave, pleasant looking, middle-aged woman came out and shook hands with me, and asked me to follow her to the guest-room. From this room came a tall gentleman who gave me a hearty welcome in English; and soon, sitting by a warm stove, I forgot all the troubles of the journey over an excellent supper.

Perhaps it is time to explain why an Englishman should think it necessary to struggle up a mountain in the Vosges, on a stormy winter night, to sleep at a convent. "Would you care to come up to St. Odille, and try for a wild boar?" This was the readily accepted invitation; and knowing the uncertainties of sport, I was not deterred by the warning attached to it—that the wild boars were not always to be found at home when wanted. He is a curious wild-fowl, your wild boar; and though he does not look as if he was a great traveller, he will get over a good deal of ground in a night, and shifts his habitat, according to weather and wind, much as deer do. Boars are pretty numerous in the great forests of the Vosges; but being treated as vermin, and allowed no close time, they are wary, and well able to take care of themselves. There are

many keen sportsmen in this part of Germany, and if they had their way, no doubt the boar would have more consideration shown him. But he does a great deal of harm to crops at certain times of the year, playing deadly havoc amongst the patches of roots and corn grown on the outskirts of the forest; so he and his family—however small and innocent the latter may be—are outlaws, and have no mercy shown them.

In all parts of southern Germany where there is any sport to be got, there are associations formed, whose members enjoy it together, and share its cost. Every town has one or more of these *Vereine*, and strangers can join them if they are properly introduced and approved of. The management of the ground rented and payment of keepers, etc., is in the hands of a committee, who also settle on what days the shooting-parties are to take place, and on what beats. The members cannot go out when and where they like; the discipline of Germany is asserted in her sports, though here her sons are allowed to don mufti, and are not obliged to shoot, as they must skate and ride and climb, in uniform. On the appointed days wagonettes take the guns to the ground selected; and the sport is often good, but there is more formality and red-tapism about it than most Englishmen would like. A man who was considered a crack shot on a Scotch moor or Norfolk manor, would not like to be told, when he was carrying his gun across his shoulder, that he was carrying it improperly. But the colonel of the regiment, or the *Bürgermeister* of the town, or the rich tradesman who walked near him, would probably do so. We dislike the strap, without which no Continental gun leaves its maker; it looks clumsy and in the way, but it has its advantages. On a long tramp in cold weather, it is sometimes a great comfort to get rid of it, as far as one's hands are concerned, and German sportsmen invariably use the sling. By joining a Verein, a poor man can get far more shooting than he would as an individual; but the system is not one which would be popular with us.

The ground we were to shoot over—where the boars lived—was not in the hands of an association, but was all owned or rented by the Herr Baron, as he was called by his servants, and so I was able to carry my gun as I liked, without any fear of being remonstrated with. His country house lay at the foot of the mountain, two thousand feet below; and it was to save the trouble of daily mounting up

so far that we took up our abode with the good sisters of St. Odille.

Their dwelling is a most ancient one; for a thousand years it has stood on that mountain, looking out towards the Black Forest, over the great plain of the Rhine. Lonely and remote from roads, buried in its woods, it has been little affected by the changes which have taken place below. In a corner of one of the cloisters is a statue, or rather rude carving on the wall, of the founder of the convent—a knight of Alsace—giving to his daughter, the saint Ottilia, the title-deed of the building. This lady is the patroness of all folk afflicted in their sight. She has many chapels and shrines, both in Alsace and Baden, dedicated to her, in which multitudes of eyes of wax or wood are hung up, given by grateful people who imagine they have been benefited by her healing powers. In old days this convent gave shelter to many nuns; but now, for one reason or another, their number is greatly reduced; there are only sixteen. It was curious to wander about the great, empty building, and contrast its quiet prosaic life with that through which it had passed for a thousand years—since the carving received its last touches, and the sculptor stood aside and admired his handiwork. In summer the convent now becomes a kind of hotel, and visitors who will submit to certain restrictions are hospitably received. There must be no frivolous noises, or singing—except in the chapels; there is no piano, no smoking, no wandering out late at night without leave of the superior; the gates are shut at an early hour, and there is no meat on Fridays. There can be no “tipping” of servants—few would object to this rule—though the Frau Mutter is willing to receive small sums to be spent in charity. Poor people—really poor necessitous people—are relieved gratuitously, and others pay much the same prices as at a hotel. Eight lay brothers lived in the building we first visited, and were the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the establishment. Over all was the Frau Mutter aforesaid, an old abbé, and finally a young abbé, lately appointed, who was supposed to combine with his piety the energetic vigor which was perhaps wanting in his colleague.

The night grew worse and worse as it grew older, and in my snug little bedroom I listened to the wind roaring down the stove, and beating against the house, with the selfish feeling of a man who is warm and in safety.

The next day was a holy day; nothing could be done till after twelve o'clock. Indeed, to look at the weather, it did not seem as if much could be done then. There was no view from our windows; a driving furious snow blotted out everything.

“It will be little use going out in this weather,” said the baron; “the boars will lie in the thickest cover and not move unless a dog or a beater comes right on the top of them.”

This was sad news. Before the holy day was well over, the head keeper, the *forestier*, arrived—a well-built, good-looking man, more French than German in his ways. Later I heard of a wild piece of work in which he had been the principal actor, which had cast a certain gloom over his life, and accounted perhaps for his generally grave face.

After a consultation, it was decided that the baron should stay at home,—the day was not tempting, and he had some letters to write,—and that I was to go with the *forestier*, and see if anything could be done in the few hours of daylight left. So, the weather being rather better, we started, and struggled through deep snow and against a strong wind to the rendezvous, where the beaters, their dogs, and five other guns were waiting. These latter were small proprietors and farmers, who were glad to get a day's shooting with the baron. The first was an old man clad in a bright blue blouse and check trousers. He wore a very high cap, with a long peak to it, such as English schoolboys used to have, according to pictures, forty or fifty years ago. He carried his gun in the inevitable sling, and was provided with a shooting-stick, which, whenever there was a halt for a moment, he stuck into the ground and sat on. The others wore green or blue blouses, or a series of jackets, three or four in number, buttoned one over the other, with many scarves and gaudy neckties. One or two had horns and game-bags, with little useless fringes of leather hanging from them. Finally, each man was provided with a flat glass bottle holding *Kirschwasser*.

The top beat, a wide plateau, was a good one in fair weather, but too much exposed then, and we went down the mountain to the more sheltered side. The country was very thickly wooded. Take the Lake district of Cumberland, add from fifty to a hundred per cent. to the height of the mountains, deduct something from their steepness, cover them from top to bottom with silver fir and oak

and beech, take away all the lakes, and throw in a great number of ruined castles, and a fair picture of the Vosges is given. It is a wilder region than the Schwartzwald, and much less frequented, though in places an abominable association has begun to cut footpaths, and put up guide-posts and seats. My host allowed this to be done on sufferance, and reserved a right to undo it all if he chose. It no doubt shows selfishness to be vexed with these associations; but a man as a rule prefers to make out the way up a mountain himself, and finds it a distinct disadvantage, when shooting in the summer, to have a party of ladies picnicking at the end of his best beat.

We stumbled through the snow in long Indian file, putting up a capercaillie on the way. First the beaters were left behind, and then one gun after another dropped off. We very soon saw traces of both deer and boars; and since the snow had been falling and drifting all day, they must have passed recently. At a point where the large, deep hoof-marks of the wild pig were very visible, I was left; the forestier said they had just passed down, and would very likely come back by the same path when disturbed by the beaters. I received instructions to shoot everything that came near with the exception of does — reynard was to have no mercy shown him. Then the keeper went on with the remaining gun. I got out the baron's stick and sat on it, and shoved my feet and as much of my legs as possible into the snow — the best way of keeping them warm. I was on a little footpath; below, the hill, thickly wooded, fell rapidly — and above, it rose as quickly. If a boar came up the pass, I could hardly fail to see him in good time and shoot him; and if he came along the path, he would not have a much better chance of escaping. If he sneaked quietly down from above, he might send me and the shooting-stick over the hill before I was aware of his approach.

Then I thought of what I knew of the wild boar. Those who are fortunate enough to possess a copy of Bewick's "Quadrupeds" will find an excellent picture of him, extended at full gallop, with a most vicious eye, a wide-opened mouth, and a wickedly twisted tail. In a grand old quarto, called the "Wild Sports of the World," there are some colored pictures showing how boars are hunted in German forests; and very angry customers they look, especially when a pack of hounds is worrying them in front, and a man is dig-

ging a large knife into them behind. Nicholas Cox, in his "Gentleman's Recreations," gives minute instructions how to hunt and slay them, and what to do when they attack you. These latter are complicated and should be learnt by heart by any one likely to need them, or he would probably do the wrong thing at the wrong time. Mr. Cox ends his account by saying: "If he" (the boar) "but touch the hair of a dog, he burneth it off; nay, huntsmen have tried the heat of his teeth by laying hairs on them as soon as he was dead, and they have shrivelled up as with a hot iron." But — after seeing that the nearest tree was climbable — I waited for the attack without much fear; every one said the creatures would not show, and I had grave doubts as to the beaters. I put myself in their place, and I knew I should not have been very zealous in the work. To push through the undergrowth, where the boars were most likely sitting, meant getting a rapid and thorough soaking with snow; and I expected they would do as beaters do everywhere when they are not under strict surveillance — choose the most easy and open road for themselves.

After a short wait, the forestier's horn was heard — a signal to the beaters to commence operations, and presently the faint howls of those worthies announced that they had done so. Every now and then a mass of snow became too heavy for the branch supporting it, and fell with a crash to the ground; and every time it did so, I clutched the gun more firmly, and peered more earnestly into the underwood, expecting to see the fierce eye, open mouth, and twisted tail of the game. The beaters came on slowly, and were evidently covering a great deal of ground, for two shots were fired a long way below. These were followed by other shots in front. Clearly something was on the move, and I stared till I was almost blind at the place where I expected the enemy to break. The dogs, of which there were a good many, began to yelp and bark in various keys. Then I caught sight of some animal running quickly though the trees below, lost it, heard a crash of snow from a branch, and saw it again. It was surely a very small boar, and it came strangely quick. It was a hare. It may be thought an unlikely thing to mistake a hare for a pig; but many a man on a moor, when waiting for driven grouse, has for a moment taken a bee, or even a midge, out of the line of sight, for a bird.

The hare came slowly up the bank in

the boars' tracks right to where I was posted, and sat down within a yard or two of my motionless figure, listening intently to the yelping below, but not suspecting danger in front. She made up her mind as to the best course to take, and took it. And then I thought it might be to my advantage to slay her: the keeper might not think me capable of shooting anything. The beaters were zigzagging about near at hand, and there did not seem much chance of anything else coming out; so the poor hare was sacrificed.

The drive being over, the men came straggling back on my path. When the forestier arrived he sent two of them down to where he had been posted, and when they came back they brought with them a—wild boar. He was very like Bewick's, though not so large, or—poor thing—so fierce-looking. He had a long, brown-grey reddish coat, far more like a deer's than a pig's, and was as different from our naked, dirty swine as possible. Four boars had been seen altogether, and three shot at. One of them, a very large one, had been missed by the one gun who had gone on further than I had done, and very vexed was I at having lost the chance, though I might have done no better. Unless very near, shot is not of much use in stopping a big pig, and there is a good deal of uncertainty as to what a bullet will do when fired at even a fair mark moving rapidly through a wood. We saw the tracks of this boar in the snow, and they looked like those of a bullock. My hare was much admired; somehow a dead hare always appeals to the sympathies of the lower classes. They look with indifference at a woodcock or snipe, or even a pheasant. The man who knocks over the most hares in a day is their ideal of a sportsman. They seemed to know her by sight, and they said she was sixteen years old. All the little flat bottles were produced, and then we had another drive. This time we were all terribly exposed to the wind; it made me at any rate so cold and so deaf I had little hope of doing anything. I had to watch three important places at three points of the compass at the same time; and such was the din and confusion in the air, that, when looking to the north, a whole legion of boars might have come out unnoticed at the east and west. The next beat was said to be the best on the ground, but the undergrowth was terribly thick. A hundred men would not have been too many to have forced through the tangled mass of

wood; and if there were pigs in it—and no doubt there were, we saw many signs of them—they were not such fools as to come out.

It was getting dark, and we had a run for the next try, every now and then being merrily switched in the face by a branch, as we hurried along the steep, birch-covered slope. It also was a blank as far as boars was concerned. Some roe were got, and a fox. One of the former was a doe, and the old gentleman who proudly shot her got well laughed at for his mistake. In a *Verein* a man who kills a hen-pheasant or unwarrantable deer is fined so many marks; but there was no such law here. It was difficult, when the deer was caught sight of but for a moment or so, to be sure whether they had horns or not; it was too early for the new ones to show much. Except with a very large force of beaters and guns, it is not easy to make sure work in these forests. Each beat forms part of a woodland which stretches, as has been said, for very many miles. In English or Scotch cover-shooting, if deer escape the guns and get out of one beat, they will frequently be found in another. But here the portion driven could only be a small fraction of the mountain, and when the pigs once passed out of it, they could go for perhaps fifty miles straight on end.

The next day "shaped," as they say in the north, better. The old party was reinforced by another gun or so, and the Herr Baron himself. We had to force our way through deep snow; it lay so heavily on the thickly grown, stunted Scotch firs, that they had been crushed and twisted by it, and they blocked up the narrow path altogether in many places. At one point the footsteps of a man crossed the track, and the Baron wrote the word *Wilddieb* (poacher) in the snow by them. I shall have a little to say of such folk later.

On the way we crossed a wall, the like of which is hardly to be seen elsewhere. The convent of St. Odille is ancient; but its antiquity is a thing of yesterday compared with this long line of stone. The Romans restored it, but they merely perfected the work of a race who existed long before they were a people. The Druids are supposed to have worshipped on it; but they in their turn found it, or the most part of it, ready to their hands. This is the *Murus Gentilis* the *Heiden Mauer* the celebrated Heathen Wall. It is generally supposed to have

been built by the Celts or Gauls, for the defence of the mountain against the wild German tribes; but some think it had in addition a religious meaning, and connect it with the worship of some god. On many of the highest rocks of the mountains artificial altars are found. One of the rocks has all the characteristics of those in other countries on which the Baal fires used to be lighted. Another — the Wachstein — as its name implies, belonged probably to the defence system of the mountain. Then these people passed away, and the Druids came, and worshipped from the same places the sun, the thunder, and the wind. They probably made additions to the wall, and enclosures for defence.

The wall is eleven thousand one hundred yards long, and is built of the sandstone of the district cut in very large blocks. No mortar of any kind is used. The blocks were joined together longitudinally by oaken wedges, which were let in what is called a "double swallowtail," and the whole had originally been pinned. Traces of the wedges are to be seen in places, and some tolerably well preserved specimens are shown in the museum at Strassburg; they probably date from the time of repairing of the Romans. What was done by the latter can be distinguished from the rest by its greater regularity, and its similarity to work carried out by them in Italy. The thickness of the wall is almost always a little more than six feet. Bits remain more than nine feet high; but it is supposed to have been originally six or seven feet higher. We wondered what manner of men they were who last handled the great stones, and lifted them into their places. The men passed away and were forgotten, and their very nation is hardly known. The great plain below, on which they so often looked, became for hundreds of years a battle-field, and nothing could be permanent there. But in the depths of the Alsatian forest their handiwork is to be seen, much as they left it thousands of years ago.

A great pile of rocks ended the plateau, and from it a most superb view of Alsace, the Rhine plain, the Black Forest, and the Swiss Alps was to be had. On that wild morning, indeed, the latter were not visible, and the mist often blotted out the near country. Sometimes this mist rose and fell like the veil in a great transformation scene, and sometimes it was torn to shreds in a moment by a furious gust of wind; now nothing, and now the whole

of the Rhine plain, black as midnight, in its contrast with the white range of mountains which lay on both sides. It was a wild view. From this point, in clear weather, fifty towns and one hundred and thirty villages can be seen.

On the hot Sunday, after war had been declared between France and Germany, my host had come to this pile of rocks, and looking out over quiet, sunny Baden, had thought, not in exultation, but with great sadness, of the ruin and injury that would be brought it by the war. But Baden remained unharmed, and in a very short time it was Alsace which was the sufferer. Perhaps those who live on a frontier, in the debatable land where a common language is spoken by two nations, cannot have the same wild enthusiasm for war which is felt by the dwellers far inland. They are connected mutually with one another by marriage and many common interests, and a great defeat to the one can hardly always be a great victory to the others.

On the way down from the plateau we passed a little wood lawn in the tall pine wood, where a terrible tragedy had taken place five years before. One day the head keeper who was with us then, met a man in the forest who had no business to be there. He was known to be of a bad character, and he made some excuse to the keeper, which the latter did not think satisfactory. Words passed between them, and the poacher — who it appears had not a gun with him — was warned never to be caught there again. One gloomy afternoon that same winter, the keeper and a companion — an old forester who was also out with us — came across marks in the snow, and recognized them to be those of this same *Wilddieb* — this poacher. Telling the old man to keep lower down the slope, the baron's keeper followed the tracks as fast as he could, and in a short time came in sight of the man running. The keeper lost him for a minute, and then suddenly met him face to face. The poacher had stopped, and, half hidden by a tree, was watching his pursuer. The keeper was startled by the evil face so close to him, and thinking that his own life was in danger, and that the man, by suddenly turning to bay, meant to attack him, fired. The poacher fell, terribly wounded, and again it was found he had no gun with him. He was carried first to the lodge, and then to the house where his brother lived. There must have been something peculiarly evil about him, for the brother reproached him

for coming—for coming even in such a dreadful state. "You must not refuse to take me in this time," said the wounded man; "it will not be for long." And in a little while he died. It was shown that the poacher had threatened the man who killed him, and the latter escaped without any punishment. The known evil life of the dead man weighed, under the German law, against the fact that he had no weapon with him—no gun at least—and that he had not been the aggressor. In England the keeper would have been certainly tried for manslaughter, if not for murder. In all wild countries, and therefore one may say in all the mountainous parts of Europe, the war waged between the protectors and the robbers of game is carried on far more fiercely than in the populous districts. Many a keeper has left his home in the Alps or Tyrol, and never come back to it. A slip on some cliff, or an avalanche, may account for his death; but often it has been a bullet, fired at him by a hidden enemy, whom he had punished or provoked in some way, which ended his career. And it is never difficult in these regions to find a ready-made grave for such a one, which is little likely to be discovered.

We never went far without seeing the tracks of boars, or—where the snow had melted—the damage they had done by their unringed noses. A wild boar's nose seems to be possessed of much the same power as a strong, well-made subsoil plough. A patch as large as a tennis-ground would be taken in hand—if the expression is allowable—by the animals. There would be roots in it—it would, in fact, be full of them—but if the investigators of what was below were in earnest about their work, up the roots had to come. It was easy to see, if they carried on the same proceedings in a corn-field, or amongst potatoes, the great harm they would do.

In all the beats there were roe, and where the cover was young, it was pretty to see the active little deer jumping lightly about, as the shouts of the men and the yelping dogs drove them first one way and then another. At midday we stopped for lunch. Two men had been sent on to cut wood for a fire, and they had a cheerful blaze ready when we arrived. Huge loaves of dark bread were handed about, and sausages, which some hungry folk ate raw, whilst others pushed them into the hot ashes for a minute's cooking. The sharp, keen air made us all ready for the forest meal, and each man paid frequent

visits to the beakers of white wine, which had been grown and made by the head keeper himself on the edge of the mountain. Much commiseration was expressed for one of the sportsmen—the old gentleman with the peaked cap. He had fallen down a steep place, bringing his poor old head into violent contact with a tree, and was stunned for a time. He was exceedingly sorry for himself, and looked very mournful when any one asked about the accident; but I did not see that his capacity for eating sausage and drinking white wine was much impaired. The baron generally spoke to his friends in the *patois* of the country, and had a joke and a pleasant word for all. His gun was a curious one; it was both a gun and a rifle. What is often called a "settler's gun"—where one barrel is for shot and the other takes a bullet—is an abominable invention, because of its untrue balance. But this weapon had two barrels for shot, and underneath them, where a ramrod would rest in a muzzle-loader, was a rifled chamber. By the movement of a bar, the hammer of the right barrel could be made to fall on the nipple of the rifle barrel. If a deer was started when looking for small game, the change could be made almost when putting the gun to the shoulder, and a bullet sent after it instead of a harmless charge of shot. Of course the extra barrel added something to the weight of the weapon.

The last beat ended at the keeper's house—a quaint little lodge, lying at the foot of a great ruined castle. Nothing strikes a traveller in the Vosges more than the size and number of its castles. They stood generally on some point of vantage, from which they could command a wide view; but there is one, the castle of Birkenfels, which can hardly be seen by any one not in search of it, and not always by him. This old ruin lies in a dense and lonely part of the forest. The trees stand so close to it, and surround it with such a hedge, that a man might pass very near and not notice it. It would be difficult to find in Europe a more eerie place to spend a night in. If ghosts are to be met with anywhere, they must surely be here; it would be a fitting rendezvous for the spirits of the long-forgotten dead—the old robbers of the mountains—if they ever needed one. Even on a bright summer day there is something weird about this long-deserted, lonely place.

There was nothing of this feeling about the stately castle of Landsberg. I climbed up and explored it. It was built of gran-

ite and sandstone, and must have been a marvellously strong place before the days of big guns. Whilst drinking more of the forestier's good white wine, we examined the ornaments in his parlor. One of the pictures represented a glade in the forest in which was a tomb. By it sat, with mournful faces, the dog, the stag, the boar, the wolf, the bear, the roe, the black-cock and capercaillie and partridge, and all the birds of the air. There was a little house in the background, and below, in three languages, was written "The Keeper's Grave." The picture was badly drawn and badly engraved and colored, but yet there was something pathetic about it. The bear is not met with in the Vosges, and the wolf is very rarely seen.

At night, as we sat by the stove up at the convent, the baron told me something about the district. It was easy to see how much he loved it. Its great woods and ancient castles and strange old wall, and the traditions and stories connected with them, were part of his life. For many generations his ancestors had lived there, had played their part, had fought; and if one went far enough back, had no doubt robbed, as our old barons on the marches did. The life in a Border peel, and the life in a Rhine or Vosges castle, must have had a good many things in common.

The Frau Mutter used to come and chat a while with us when at dinner, and press us to eat more than was good for us. She was a talkative old lady, who dearly loved a little bit of gossip and a joke. Her lieutenant, Sister Sabine, was more my idea of a nun. Her life was devoted to the convent; for twenty-six years she had not left it — not even to pay a visit to the villages which lie a few miles below. Of Sister Karolina and Brother Peter I have not time to write the biographies. Brother Peter was one of the apple-faced men we met the first night, and he lent me his boots one day to shoot in. As has been said, there were but few nuns in the convent. Sister Sabine had a very pleasant face, but the rank and file were not remarkable for beauty; they were good, kind, worthy souls, but they were not ideally beautiful. But there was *one* young, pretty nun. I was told about her, and soon began to long to see her. The first night I slept deep and soundly, and awoke to find the little stove in the bedroom lit, and a jug of hot water standing on it.

"How had it got there?" I casually asked.

"Oh, Sister Karolina would bring it."

Sister Karolina was the pretty one; I had thought old Brother Peter or still older Brother Joseph had been my valet, and I resolved to be more on the alert the next morning, so as to have a look at the maiden. But we had a hard day's work — fighting the wind and the snow; and again I slept too soundly, and awoke with the uneasy feeling of having missed an opportunity, just in time to see the last of a nun's coil passing through the doorway. There was the hot water, and Sister Karolina was gone. It was most annoying. Being out nearly all day, there was not so much chance of coming across her. Still, in the morning and evening I was continually running up against the rest of the sisterhood in the long passages and on the stairs — all polite and pleasant and obliging, and all very ancient, — Sister Angelica, and Sister Marie, and Sister Amine, but never Sister Karolina. This second night I went to bed with a firm determination to awake in good time — and I did so, with a great start, half an hour before the hot water was usually brought. There was no fear of my going to sleep again — I lay low, and waited. Hot-water time came, but nothing with it; perhaps Sister Karolina was ill, and Brother Peter would bring it. This was a dreadful thought, but it had hardly entered my brain when I heard the rustle of a woman's dress in the corridor outside, and then the door opened, and Sister Karolina came in. When I had had one little peep at her, I shut my eyes and pretended to be asleep. She was, I am sure, everything that was good and amiable; but she was bent and strangely shrivelled up, and eighty-two years of age.

The weather grew worse, and the baron had business which compelled him to leave the convent, so I went with him to Strassburg. The station of that fortress is lit by the electric light, and its great dome can be seen at St. Odille, a brilliant object on clear nights. My friend told me of other times, when at his country house, far away in the mountains, he could hear every shot fired into it by the Germans, and every answer it made to them — day and night, day and night, for weeks. At Strassburg we parted, and I took back with me to England the remembrance of a most pleasant visit and of a most courteous host.

From The Argosy.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"ONLY one day more," soliloquized the Baron de Croix-Martel, as he put the finishing stroke to his toilette, and contemplated his well-waxed, iron-grey moustache with less satisfaction than he would probably have felt had not his mind been otherwise preoccupied.

"One short December day," he went on after a pause, "and every likely place already explored twice over except the quay. I wonder who the idiot was who first invented New Year's gifts! Not one of *my* ancestors, I'll engage. The Croix-Martels date from the Crusades, and I dare say have been guilty of follies enough since then; but I won't do them the injustice of supposing that they ever threw away more money than they could possibly help."

With this comforting reflection the baron took up his hat, gloves, and cane, and sallied forth from his little apartment in the Rue Godot on the errand for which he was bound.

The personage destined to play the part of hero in our sketch, of whose character some idea may have been formed from the above monologue, was a fair average specimen of a not uncommon class of individuals. In other words, he was one of those men whose main object in life is to procure for themselves the greatest amount of enjoyment at the lowest practicable cost. His family, as correctly stated by himself, was of unimpeachable antiquity, and, up to the Revolution, had been possessors, from father to son, of a tolerably extensive domain in Normandy, the whole of which, including the château, had passed, since 1793, into other hands.

By way of recompense for past services — though in what they consisted, except in escaping the guillotine by a timely retreat to Switzerland, no one ever knew — the present baron's father had managed, on the restoration of the Bourbons, to obtain, by dint of incessant solicitations, a share of the indemnity accorded to the impoverished royalists. On the interest of this sum, amounting to about ten thousand francs a year, his son contrived to live, if not luxuriously, at least — his economical principles taken into account — comfortably enough.

Our hero was a bachelor, not so much from choice as from his inability hitherto to discover what he considered a suitable *parti*. Tall, thin, and just turned fifty, he was sufficiently good-tempered when noth-

ing occurred to put him out of humor, and as notorious a miser as ever existed since the days of Harpagon and John Elwes. Without going so far as some of his particular friends, who affirmed him to be the original of Gavarni's famous type, the gentleman *qui coupait les liards en quatre*, it may safely be said that whenever he could indulge in his favorite weakness without compromising himself, he invariably did so, and adhered strictly to the time-honored maxim of taking care of the pence, and letting the pounds take care of themselves.

But, perhaps, of all the disagreeable necessities to which he was periodically compelled to submit, the most obnoxious to his feelings was the obligation of complying with the (to him) utterly inexplicable custom of celebrating the advent of New Year's day by a distribution of *étrennes*; a drain on his purse which, although he took care to confine his liberality within the narrowest limits was, even in its modified form, inexpressibly painful to him.

The twenty-franc piece he felt bound to offer his concierge caused him an annual pang, and the guerdon of two francs to the waiter of the little restaurant where he was in the habit of dining when not invited elsewhere, lay heavy on his conscience, even after appropriating to his own use — which no one but himself ever dreamed of doing — the cigar tied up with pink ribbon, presented to him as a "reminder," and intended by its owner to be offered in turn to every customer in the room.

These, however, were minor grievances compared with what he was suffering on the last day of the year of grace 1874; and only those who knew him could by any possibility understand or appreciate his mental perplexity on the morning of his introduction to the reader.

In the course of the preceding six months, he had made the acquaintance of the Countess de Franchimont, a Belgian widow lady with two daughters, who had recently settled in Paris, and was, according to report, in possession of a handsome fortune. Naturally partial to society, when it cost him nothing, he had by degrees become an habitual frequenter of her pretty apartments in the Rue de Malignan, and had established himself there to a certain extent, as *l'ami de la maison*.

Whether he entertained any ulterior views respecting either mother or daughters we are not in a position to state; if he did, he kept his own counsel, and all

that can be hinted on the subject is that he might have done worse.

Madame de Franchimont was barely forty, and did not look her age; as for Mlle. Berthe, the brune, and Mlle. Louise, the blonde, they were both charming, and perfectly aware of the fact. In this pleasant circle the baron soon made himself entirely at home. When he did not dine there, and we may be sure that he never refused an invitation unless he had a better one in prospect, he generally dropped in of an evening, or occupied a spare seat in their box at the opera.

This continued intimacy, with its many contingent advantages, he had hitherto enjoyed without scruple; but the time was at hand when, in accordance with Parisian usages, the hospitalities he had received must be adequately returned; New Year's day was approaching with rapid strides, and his offering on the occasion must, as he dolefully acknowledged, be proportionately liberal.

For days and weeks he had wandered from place to place, like a perturbed spirit, in quest of some object suitable for his purpose; he had dived into obscure passages, and emerged at the other end with the disheartening consciousness of failure, and had pored over the stock of half the curiosity shops in the capital without unearthing a single pearl of price within the limits of his own. Bonbons were, of course, out of the question, even if the tariff of Messrs. Boissier and Gouache permitted such an investment of his money; and as for jewellery, the bare idea made him shudder.

In short, the worthy baron was at his wits' end, and, as a last resource, resolved to explore the refuge of the destitute, the quay, from the Pont Royal to the Pont des Arts, whither we may as well follow him.

He had already exhausted the Quai Voltaire and the Quai Malaquais, and was on the point of retracing his steps, when the recollection of an old bric-à-brac establishment in the adjoining Rue de Seine struck him as a hitherto uninspected locality. Taking, therefore, the turn opposite the Mazarin Library, he speedily discovered on his right hand the object of his search, and entered the shop. A few minutes' examination and a question or two sufficed to convince him that his unlucky star was still in the ascendant, and he was about to resume his walk when some broken pieces of china lying in a corner caught his eye.

"What is that?" he asked the dealer.

"Ah, monsieur, ne m'en parlez pas!" exclaimed the individual addressed, in a disconsolate tone which seemed to forbid further allusion to the painful subject.

"But what is it?" persisted the baron.

"What it is now, you see, Monsieur le Baron, but what it was before my shopman let it fall and smashed it to bits, you can have no idea. I never saw a finer vase; real old Dresden, worth a couple of thousand francs if it was worth a sou. They say it once belonged to Madame Dubarry."

"Ah!" said the baron, looking attentively at the heap of fragments, and poking at them with his cane. "Cannot it be repaired?"

"Impossible, monsieur," replied the other. "The cleverest workman in France could make nothing of it now."

"Have you tried?" asked the baron.

"Of what use, monsieur? Who would buy a vase dissected like a map of France?"

"What are you going to do with the pieces?" inquired M. de Croix-Martel, in whose fertile brain a "happy thought" was gradually germinating.

"What can I do but throw them away?" growled the irate tradesman. "They are fit for nothing else. Even a chiffonnier would hardly pick them up."

"Will you sell them to me for five francs?"

The dealer's eye glistened.

"Certainly, monsieur, if you desire it. But what possible use —"

"Never mind," interrupted the baron, "that's my affair. Now listen; what I want you to do is this. You will pack up these pieces, just as they are, mind, put this card of mine with them, and send the parcel this evening from nine to half past to Madame la Comtesse de Franchimont, 64, Rue de Marignan. It is not to be taken up-stairs, but left with the concierge. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Baron," answered the owner of the bric-à-brac shop, glancing at the card as he spoke; "all shall be done exactly as you wish."

"I can quite depend upon you?"

"Quite, Monsieur le Baron. At nine-thirty to the moment it shall be delivered."

"Enfin!" said M. de Croix-Martel to himself, as he walked briskly homewards, "a most brilliant inspiration, ma parole! For five francs I shall have the credit of a present worthy of a millionaire. The fellow who brings it will naturally be supposed to have let it drop on the way — the Champs Elysées are always slippery

in frosty weather — and to have bolted in order to avoid unpleasant inquiries. When the parcel arrives, I shall be there, and as no one knows where I bought it, I can storm away at my ease without fear of discovery. Glorious piece of luck! I've a good mind to treat myself to half a bottle of Beaune at dinner on the strength of it. And so I will, *parbleu!*"

And so he did.

Punctually at five minutes before nine, fortified by the generous stimulant alluded to, and in the highest possible spirits, the baron rang the first-floor bell at No. 64, Rue de Marignan, and was immediately ushered into the drawing-room, where the three ladies were assembled. Madame de Franchimont, seated by the fire, was occupied with some intricate marvel of embroidery, while her daughters were busily employed in arranging on a table in the centre of the apartment a variety of bonbon boxes and other objects strongly indicative of New Year's day, which had evidently just arrived.

"Look here, M. le Baron," said Berthe as he entered the room; "see what a number of presents we have already received; a lapis-lazuli paper-cutter, and such a beautiful flower-stand near the window!"

"And a delicious filigree card-case," chimed in Louise, holding up the object in question for the inspection of the visitor.

"Charming, indeed," responded M. de Croix-Martel, looking more admiringly at the speaker than at the card-case.

"There, that will do, girls," interposed her mother, after shaking hands with her guest. "Come and sit by the fire, baron, and Berthe will give you some tea."

"L'un n'empêche pas l'autre," pertly retorted the young lady, while performing her office of Ganymede; "I am sure the baron likes pretty things as much as we do. N'est-ce pas, monsieur?"

"Certainly, mademoiselle, most certainly," he replied; "and I trust that when my humble offering arrives, you will be — ahem! — equally indulgent."

"No follies, I hope, baron," said Madame de Franchimont, shaking her head reprovingly.

"Oh, madame, a mere trifle, I assure you," answered our hero, in a deprecating tone, accompanied, however, by a significant twirl of his moustache. "But you will see — you will see."

At that moment the door opened, and the maitre d'hôtel appeared, bearing a

voluminous parcel, which he solemnly placed on the table, and with the explanatory announcement, "Pour Madame la Comtesse," withdrew as noiselessly as he had entered.

"I wonder what it is," cried Berthe. "Give me your scissors, Louise."

"Who can it be from?" said her sister.

"What a strangely shaped parcel!" remarked Madame de Franchimont, rising from her chair, and approaching the table; while the baron, laying down his cup, was preparing himself for an outburst of indignation, or, in other words, was "getting the steam up."

"Ah, here is a card," exclaimed Mlle. Berthe, as she hastily tore away the last obstacle to the gratification of her curiosity. "Monsieur le Baron! I knew it could be no one else. Mon Dieu! what can this be?"

M. de Croix-Martel, who had quietly drawn near the table, gave one look at the contents of the packet, stood for a moment horror-struck, and then, unperceived by the three ladies, slipped out of the room, and darted down the Rue de Marignan as fast as his legs could carry him. He had seen enough.

Alas! for the vanity of human calculations. The dealer of the Rue de Seine had exceeded his instructions, and had carefully enveloped every fragment of the shattered vase in a separate piece of paper.

CHARLES HERVEY.

From Chambers' Journal.

TWO EVENINGS WITH BISMARCK.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE surprises that await the deputies and representatives of the North German League, when, after a hard day's work and a late supper, they return, wearied in body and mind, to their Berlin penates, are not, as a rule, of a very cheering description. They generally consist of large, unwieldy packets of printed matter, which contain the orders for the next day's imperial Diet, and a mass of amendments on the coming motions, etc. Letters also, especially home ones, form no small portion of the evening's recreation. One may judge, therefore, of the general surprise, when, amongst the pile of evening correspondence, a short note appears from Prince Bismarck to the effect that he would be "greatly obliged if deputy or privy councillor So-and-so will give him the pleasure

of his company every Saturday evening at nine o'clock, commencing from the 24th April, as long as the session of the imperial Diet lasts."

What more natural than that the chancellor should wish to assemble at his own familiar hearth all those representatives of the nation who for the most part gladly accompany and support him on the rough and stony paths of German politics that he is treading, and to want to spend a few hours with them in pleasant social intercourse, after the many weary hours of heavy parliamentary work?

This same need was equally felt by most of the deputies and councillors and other members of the imperial Diet, who all equally looked forward to the coming evening.

As everything connected with the Diet is carried out with military precision, so here, also, the hour of nine had hardly finished striking, ere the guests began to arrive at the well-known modest two-storied building in the Wilhelmstrasse, which the Prussian government assigns to its minister for foreign affairs as his official residence, and which Prince Bismarck inhabited in his threefold capacity of minister for Lauenburg, Prussian president minister, and chancellor of the North German League. Here, on the ground-floor of the long, unadorned building, are the workrooms of the Prussian ministerial officials. On the first floor are the work and reception rooms of Bismarck, as well as his private family apartments. At the back of the house, where the noise and turmoil of the great busy city never penetrate, lies one of those beautiful, shady, old-timbered parks, such as the royal crown of Prussia possesses, between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Königstrasse, and also between the latter and the Leipzigerstrasse — in all about a hundred acres.

At the entrance are the inevitable constables, saluting the guests as they arrive. Numerous lackeys in black and white livery hand the visitor up the broad flight of stairs into an elegantly furnished ante-room, where those who wait to see the chancellor on business can, while in the midst of the most harmonious surroundings of rich carpets, silken hangings, and luxurious seats, speculate as to what possible connection the stuffed hare, standing so prominently forward on the sideboard, can have with the family of Bismarck.

A more interesting sight, however, now greeted us. The chancellor's wife, a tall, aristocratic-looking woman, with decided but pleasing features, and in an elegant

though simple toilet, received each guest as he arrived with gracious affability. Standing close beside the open portières, past which the eye glanced into the family living-rooms, she was a true type of the position she holds both in home and public life. A noble wife and mother, she has faithfully stood by her husband's side from the very commencement of his political career. A Chicago paper declares that Bismarck's wife is her husband's private secretary! How far this statement is true, we do not pretend to say; but an old friend of the family has repeatedly told us that during the saddest time that Germany has witnessed for the last fifty years, when Bismarck, disheartened and dispirited, retired to his small property of Schönhausen, there to vegetate as a small Prussian landowner, while brooding moodily over all his grand political schemes, his wife never for a moment lost heart, but was able to inspire her husband with ever fresh courage and hope.

A number of old friends and acquaintances quickly surrounded the noble hostess, while the remainder of the guests streamed on towards the billiard-room to the right, the windows of which look out on the street. In front of one of the sofas lies a handsome bearskin — the animal was slain by Bismarck's own hand; and on a bracket stands the magnificent vase, with the king's portrait and a view of his castle, which King William presented to the prince after the wars of 1866. The crowd and the heat increased every moment. The prince, we were told, was in the big saloon. Hurrying thither, we saw our noble host, standing just inside the door, in animated converse with some earlier arrivals, yet, notwithstanding, quite ready to greet every new-comer — sometimes even stretching out both hands to right and left with hearty welcome. How well and bright he looked! That was always the first thing that struck one on seeing this man. His face, from his long country sojourn at Varzin, has regained its healthy coloring; the eyes are no longer so deeply shadowed by the overhanging brows or the furrowed forehead of last year; his hair is of that light Saxon hue which defies both time and impertinent curiosity; and the figure is as firm and upright as the youngest man there present. On this evening he also wore his favorite and most comfortable dress — that is, uniform, but *not* in strict accordance with regulation.

Moltke's fine, thin lips are curved with an amused smile, as he observes the

prince's unmilitary get-up. The short, smart tunic is worn open, innocent of either sword or sword-belt, displaying an ordinary black cloth evening waistcoat underneath. Only the most necessary orders are worn; among them, some of those of the smaller states peep coquetishly forth. Are these meant to fascinate the hearts of the minor invited deputies?

Those who have only seen Bismarck in pictures or heard him speak in the Diet, or even met him in his walks, only know him from his official side, and as the great statesman and dignitary. But here, inside his own four walls, with ample leisure, and surrounded by celebrated and patriotic men, who all, more or less, have helped to advise, combat, or further his work, one learns to know and recognize in the prince the real man and intelligent companion whose mighty intellect wields the affairs of nations. We have often heard visitors who were present at the sittings of the Diet declare that nothing surprised them so much as the intonation and pathos of Bismarck's voice when speaking. His height, his brows, his forehead, his chest, his speeches, were all far greater and more powerful than they had imagined; but his voice, either when giving utterance to the driest details, or when startling his audience by some passionate appeal, had something marvellously soft and winning in it. And they are not far wrong. One can always tell from the prince's words, by the sound of his voice, what his feelings are at the time, no matter how moderate his speech may be; and never was this more distinct and vivid than on these Saturday evenings.

Now he approaches our circle. "I wished much to see you here, gentlemen. It is so much easier to talk and understand one another here, than in the Diet House!" — and he shook hands all round. "Besides, now, if you want to interpellate me, or one of the deputies or privy councillors, you can do so quietly and at your ease in a corner, and settle the whole affair in a few minutes."

The prince was right. Never before had the necessity of familiar and friendly intercourse been more apparent than during this session. From various untoward causes, the most crying discords had arisen between the deputies and the Diet, chiefly owing to neither party thoroughly understanding the other.

From amid the rows of deputies and councillors, emerged the portly form of the brave "Red Becker," red in hair as well as in opinion, a living proof that even

an inborn democrat and agitator can attain a very comfortable rotundity. Becker had surpassed himself that morning in the Diet. He, as the permanent reporter of the Chamber of Deputies and the Diet, on all postal, telegraphic, and railway matters, had drastically described the frightful misuse, on the part of the princely houses of Germany, of their right to free carriage and telegraph. He had shown how the whole of the royal bill of fare had been telegraphed free of charge; how endless telegraphic milliners' and dress-makers' orders had been sent free between the German courts and Paris; while the citizen's despatch, on which probably hangs both life and property, must wait till the royal cook has ordered a dollar's worth of parsley by telegraph; how, after that, all these huge parcels have to be sent carriage free to their destination; and finally, he had proved, to the great amusement of the House, by the genealogical almanac, that in Lippe alone, no fewer than sixty princes and princesses had this inborn right to postal freedom.

He now placed himself directly in front of the chancellor, in his favorite attitude, with his hands behind his back, and looked up at him with an expression which seemed to say: "Now, had you any idea that this royal prerogative of free post and telegraph had been so shamefully abused?"

But Bismarck only laughed heartily, saying: "My dear Becker, believe me, I know of far worse things."

"Indeed! Pray, then, tell us some, your Excellency!" said "Red Becker" with great animation.

"Nay; that I cannot do," replied Bismarck. "My information comes from the postmaster general at Phillipsborn; and he knows far worse things than I do."

A group of people had now come in between us and the speakers.

A servant handed round tea; but, strange to say, there was no rum, so little has Bismarck imbibed of Russian habits and tastes, in spite of his long sojourn at St. Petersburg.

Here, again, in front of one of the couches, lay the head and skin of a splendid elk, another trophy of Bismarck's prowess as a sportsman. The walls of this room were hung with yellow Gobelins of "Chinese patterns," and furniture to correspond. By degrees, all the guests had gradually congregated in this room — deputies, councillors, ministers, admirals, secretaries, all mingled together. There was none of that reserve and strict

etiquette with which ministers usually love to surround themselves, like a wall of division between them and the people's representatives, none of that exclusiveness and national party spirit which, as a rule, is always present in the Diet. Very few uniforms were visible among the guests. The nooks and corners, in which, according to Bismarck's own words, the great affairs of the State could be settled and arranged in five minutes, were now all filled with eager, talkative groups of deputies and councillors, or the leaders of the different parties. The conversation in our neighborhood was carried on in a pretty loud and easy tone and without any reserve; for there did not lurk here, as there does behind every door and in every retiring-room of the imperial parliament, some insidious reporter for the press.

"Who is that stout gentleman yonder, with the very elaborate shirt-front, blue coat with brass buttons, and a huge and perfectly new order of the Eagle of the third class? He tries in vain to disguise his eastern origin."

"Is it possible you do not know him?—this man, whom Bismarck's son in his last pamphlet described as the greatest man of his century!—this father of millions of—railway shares! Do you really mean to say you do not know him? Well, then, my dear sir, you see before you Dr. Strousberg, formerly Baruch Hirsch Strousberg, of the firm of Dr. Ujest, Strousberg & Company! Shall I introduce you?"

But the subject of this discourse had already joined that arch-satirist, Von Unruh Magdeburgh, the president of the Constitutional Prussian National Assembly. Beside him appeared the venerable head of Simson, the perpetual president of the German parliament.

"Do you know the best way of enforcing respect into our noisy neighbors, the French?" asked my *vis-à-vis*. I thought of our millions of soldiers; but he continued: "You need only tell them that our three presidents, Simson, Ujest, and Benningson, have twenty-seven children between them—nine each."

Meanwhile, the servants again came round with refreshments for the guests; this time it was *Maitrank*,* in long Venetian glasses, and magnificent silver tankards filled with sparkling ale.

But the heat still continued to increase, and became almost unbearable. Lasker

was the first to move an amendment, to dispense with kid gloves; and like most of Lasker's motions, this proposition found plenty of support among the deputies, and, in this instance, even among the councillors.

And now the intimate friends and relations of the chancellor invite the guests to adjourn to the dining saloon, which is the last of the long row of apartments we had up till now passed through. This saloon, an oblong square, joins the apartment last described, at the right-hand corner; only its narrow side faces the street. The decorations and fittings-up of this dining saloon differ entirely from all the rest of the suite. It has been kept exactly the same as when Bismarck took it over from his predecessor; in fact, for fifty years this apartment has remained unchanged. There still hangs the same massive chandelier with its forty-eight candles; the same white panels with golden borders still cover the walls; the same shell-shaped mirrors, the same yellow marble mantelpieces that were there under Hardenberg, Mannteuffel, and Schleichnitz, all remain unchanged.

"The last time I was here I was under Mannteuffel," says old Count Schwerin, the head of the Liberal party, to me, standing in his favorite position with both his hands in his trousers' pockets.

The first feeling of shyness having worn away, the various dainties, in the shape of cold game, saddle of venison, mayonnaises, Italian salads, etc., with which the long centre-table was laden, were speedily done justice to. Even the modest Saxon privy councillor, who three minutes before had retreated from the table and refused the invitation with a polite wave of the hand and a "No, no; thank you!" now followed in the war path of the pioneers for food. There was no time or space to think of sitting down; each one helped himself to a plate from the piles, placed in readiness on the table, together with the necessary table requisites, and hastened to partake of the delicacies that had been prepared for his delectation. A party of Saxon and Rhenish gentlemen had succeeded in getting possession of a side table, and there, seated at their ease, they intrenched themselves against the annexation tendencies of the North German League appetites; getting all their provisions through the proper constitutional channel of the Bismarckian domestics.

Meanwhile, as I have so often observed before, a saddle of venison is a most fruit-

* A cool summer drink or cup, made of Rhine wine, in which the herb *Waldmeister* plays a prominent part.

ful source for starting hunting adventures, and so it proved in this case. My old friend, worthy Dr. Neubronner from Nassau, whom no one would have accused of being a bloodthirsty huntsman by nature, was no sooner presented to Bismarck, than he reminded the minister how, in former days, when he, Bismarck, was representative at Frankfurt, they had hunted together in the neighborhood of that town.

"Of course I remember it; and very pleasant days they were," replied Bismarck; and he forthwith proceeded to describe, greatly to the amusement of the *present* deputies of the annexed province of Nassau, the celebrities and oddities of the Nassau and Frankfurt of *that* day, with so much life and humor, that the merriment of this south-German group attracted general attention. The account of *dicke* (portly) Daumer's intense fear of death, or anything connected therewith, specially amused the sons of the now Prussianized district of Wiesbaden. Bismarck continued: "One fine autumn morning, I was out hunting with Dicke Daumer in the neighborhood of Frankfurt. After a long and tiring climb among the mountains, we sat down to rest on the edge of the forest, when, to my horror, I found I had brought no luncheon with me. Dicke Daumer, however, drew forth a mighty sausage, and, in the most noble and magnanimous manner, offered me half of it. Now, gentlemen, I frankly confess to having a very good appetite, which this morning excursion in the keen mountain air had by no means lessened. The whole sausage would barely have sufficed to satisfy my hunger. Our meal commenced; I saw the end of my piece of sausage approaching; I was getting desperate. Then, suddenly turning to Dicke Daumer, I ask in the most innocent manner possible: 'Can you tell me, Herr Daumer, what that white thing down there among the plum-trees is?'"

"Good gracious, your Excellency, you quite take away one's appetite!" said Daumer, who so dreaded his latter end. "Why, that is the churchyard!"

"Is it really, now? Why, Herr Daumer, it looks so pretty! let us go down and choose out some nice, secluded, shady nook! How calm and peaceful it must be to rest in so sweet a spot!"

"Oh, your Excellency! — there — there," and he put down the sausage: "I cannot touch another mouthful!"

"And old Daumer remained firm in this. So you see, gentlemen, I had a good luncheon after all."

Universal laughter greeted this anecdote.

"How is it one never sees you now in the House?" I ask a young Thuringian who has made a name for himself both as a government lawyer and a wit.

"Oh, I am busy all day now in the European Lint Congress," he replied.

"And pray, what may that be?" I ask.

"Why, my dear sir, did you not know that is the name the Berliner wits have given to the international association for the care and nursing of wounded soldiers?"

Two of the greatest lawyers in the world stand close beside me deep in conversation. Every ten minutes a fresh word is added to a paragraph for the future North German penal code. Braun-Wiesbaden approaches and joins the conclave, which is just discussing that much vexed question, the abolition of capital punishment.

"You may make your minds easy, gentlemen, and settle to abolish capital punishment," he said.

"Indeed! Have you, then, found a surrogate?"

"I have."

"Well?" ask the expectant lawyers with unbelieving curiosity.

"Why, you have only to send the delinquents to the North German Commission for the better Regulation of Trade — that will settle them!"

But I hear Bismarck's voice again close behind me. "Let us drink to the welfare of the old blue, red, and gold colors of the Hannovera of Göttingen!" he called out to his old fellow-student, the burgomaster Fromme of Lüneberg. And the two "old collegians," while emptying their glasses of sparkling Rhine wine, chat over the pleasant days of their youth.

Even as far back as that time, whenever Bismarck was asked what he was studying, his answer invariably was: "Diplomacy." He was then a very slight, overgrown young student, with a fair sprouting moustache — known everywhere by his magnificent Newfoundland dog, and much feared on account of his skill with the sword, having, while still an undergraduate, come off victor in several duels with members of opposition corps; though the scar on his left cheek bears testimony to the uncertainty attending the fate of even the most skilful of fencers. The antagonist who inflicted this *quart* now enjoys the confidence of a great part of the North German population, so much so that he was elected representative for the Diet.

When he was first presented to Bismarck, the latter, pointing to the scar, asked: "Are you *the* one?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Well, you certainly *did* give it me rather hot."

"Yes, your Excellency—that was what you said at the time; but the 'duel-book' did not concur in it, and decided you gave as good as you got."

But those diplomatic studies at Göttingen have borne visible fruits. It is only a pity that the multifarious duties of his threefold office of minister, chancellor, and brandy distiller—for he has been a distiller for over twenty years—prevent the prince from coming forward as the advocate of practical diplomacy. Many a professor's chair would be open to him.

The theme of the prince's diplomatic lecture this evening was "the blue-books," a subject he had already ventilated the day before in the Diet, urged thereto by Lasker.

"Well, gentlemen, if you absolutely wish to have a blue-book, I will endeavor next year to provide one that will at least be harmless," he had said amid the laughter of the house.

Now he gave us an example of the doubtful value of these collective despatches. "Say, for example, Lord Augustus Loftus comes to me and asks me whether I am disposed to hear a private letter from his minister, Lord Clarendon. He then reads me a short epistle in the noble lord's own handwriting, and we talk the matter over quietly for about an hour. Five days after, he is again announced. This time he comes armed with a huge official despatch from the English Foreign Office. He commences to read. 'I beg your pardon, your Excellency!' I interrupt him, 'but you told me all that last Monday.'

"Yes, so I did; but now the despatch has to go into the blue-book."

"Then I suppose I must now repeat my answer all over again, for the benefit of your blue-book?"

"Certainly, if your Excellency sees no reason against it—that is what is required."

"Well, I suppose I must let you have it; and so I have to give up another hour to him just for the sake of the blue-book, and have in addition constantly to explain to the English ambassador, '*This* sentence is *not* meant for your blue-book,' as, for instance, that I look upon the blue-book as an essentially wordy and superfluous institution."

But it is past eleven. Gradually the numerous guests take their leave of the chancellor. He bids them all "Adieu, au revoir." Then passing through the apartment where his wife and daughters were seated, surrounded by a large circle of friends, we salute our noble hostess; and a quarter of an hour later sees us back at the Petersburger Hof, comfortably ensconced in the saloon of our hotel, and discussing the events of the evening under the soothing influence of the peaceful pipe.

From St. James's Gazette.

TWO DAYS WITH THE KACHYENS.

A GOOD many people, even some who profess to be authorities on the subject, assume that Bhamo, or Bamaw as it is properly pronounced, is virtually on the Chinese frontier. This is neither literally nor practically true. Literally it disregards a matter of forty or fifty miles; practically it takes no account of several lofty ranges of hills and the hill-tribes that inhabit them. A couple of score miles is no great matter; mountain ranges are to be passed, even though they may be troublesome; but the Kachyen hill-tribes are not by any means to be trifled with.

Perhaps an account of an unsought adventure I had among these unscrupulous reivers may give a better idea of what the Kachyens are like in their manner as they live, and what are our chances of success in reducing them into peaceable neighbors, than a more detailed discussion.

I had arranged to go with an English resident of Bhamo to the village of Wah-Pong, the Kachyen settlement nearest to the Burmese town and least at enmity with it. Unfortunately I missed him, and was told he had ridden out by the eastern gate towards the hills. I galloped after him, and soon got into the jungle. Here the main path is intersected at short intervals by branch roads, diverging in all directions and looking one quite as promising as the other. Presently I came to the conclusion that I had taken a wrong track. The jungle got denser and higher, and all view of the hills was shut out. However, I resolved to ride on till I came to a village. There was no sign of one for a long time; nothing to show traces of inhabitants except the rude bridle-track, and the tall, straight wood-oil trees, burned at the bottom to extract the oil. At length,

after a good deal of scrambling up and down banks where the rivulets had eaten into the plain, I got to a village on the banks of a river. It was Ta-May-Lohn, and the river was the Tapeng. I was a good many miles too far north. There was no chance of getting to Wah-Pong, or back to Bharno that afternoon. The villagers were of the hybrid race known as Shan-Burmese, and were quite friendly. So I determined to stay. An old monk offered me a lodging in his house by the banks of the river, and the headman of the village took charge of my pony, which could not be allowed to desecrate the ecclesiastical compound. The old monk talked Burmese fluently, and was delighted when I spelt out some of his Shan rituals. He was not at all so strict as a Burman pohn-gyee would have been; for he accepted a clay pipe and smoked it vigorously. So I passed the night fairly well in the midst of model shrines, richly carved in wood and inlaid with colored glasses; a collection of alms-bowls, complacent images of the Buddha in every variety of shape and material, from metal to mud; and large chests full of palm-leaf manuscripts. The old gentleman was a trifle too fond of these; for he read them aloud all night through in a dismal monotone, only interrupted when he smoked a quiet pipe. In one of these intervals, notwithstanding the mosquitoes and the *peet-peet* of a tiger that hung about the neighborhood, I got to sleep.

In the morning, as I was saddling my pony to ride back to Bharno, there was a sudden discharge of firearms; and immediately afterwards a Kachyen, mounted on a mule and recklessly flourishing a long sword, came tearing down to the river. He was rolling in his saddle in a way that suggested a night of debauchery, and I was somewhat disconcerted when he reined up right in front of me and proceeded to load his matchlock. I got near my holsters; but he only fired into the air, and then jumped off his mule and came straight up to me. Drawing himself up, he said: "You are a man; I am a man. We are not Burmese. You receive the great empress's pay and keep the peace and drink brandy. I serve nobody; I am a chief. I kill the Burmese and the Chinese and take their cattle, and I drink rice-beer. I am a Singpaw [the name the Kachyens give themselves, and meaning emphatically 'man']. Give me some brandy and we will be friends."

I gave him some from my flask, and he held it up before him, saying: "You are

heaven, I am earth. Rice-beer is good, brandy is better. Your dignity is infinite; your beauty is that of the god of the highest hills; your brandy is divine. There are three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and during that time I eat seven hundred and twenty-eight meals and drink two thousand times. If you do not believe it come to my village. I am a chief. I am a Singpaw. May you live forever;" and he tossed down the brandy at a draught.

Then he sat down and asked me where I had come from and where I was going. When this was told him—he spoke Burmese, notwithstanding his contempt for the people—he repeated his invitation in earnest. We could get to his village that night. He was going there after a visit to his father's place, "five hills off." His village, Sehek, was ten times as fine a place as Wah-Pong, and I might stay there all my life if I liked. I thought the chance too good to be missed, and the chief seemed as if he would be as reasonable when he was sober as now when he was otherwise. So, after a light breakfast, we got ourselves and our beasts ferried over and set off for the hills.

My host proved a most communicative person. He said he knew the English well. He remembered Colonel Sladen's mission over the hills. So did all the Singpaw girls. They had never got so many beads and gilt mirrors before or since, and there had been many marriages celebrated as a result of that visit. That was the time for silver. The great Englishman who liked the Kachyens so well, and was so good-natured with everybody, had scattered rupees about wherever he went. Then there was Colonel Horace Browne afterwards. The Singpaw paw-mangs knew very well that it was an arranged thing between the Burmese and the Chinese freebooter chief Li Si-tai, that neither he nor Sladen before him should come back alive. But the Kachyens had saved both of them. Sehek himself (the Kachyens like the Scotch, refer to themselves by the name of their holding) had fought against the Chinese the time when they so nearly cut off Colonel Browne at Satee. Whenever he got excited over a statement like this, Sehek became a most formidable creature. He fired off his stockless gun and brandished his sword dreadfully. The path was very narrow. He would not let me ride behind him, because that would have been discourteous; and I did not care to ride in front of him on account of his fusillades. The sword

exercise went on much closer than was agreeable, and on the only occasion on which I ventured to protest he very nearly became quarrelsome. He was the best swordsman on the hills, he said. And it was necessary to show the spirits of the hills, when a stranger entered Singpaw territory, that he was a friend; and that could only be done by plenty of firing and vigorous exhibition of cold steel. Whereupon I fired off my Winchester repeater with one hand and my revolver with the other; and he was charmed, and said he would slaughter a buffalo, and we should drink its warm blood together.

By this time we had got into the hills. Kachyen hill paths are not the best in the world. As often as not they are bare rock pure and simple, with huge boulders blocking the way and thick jungle all around. The roads keep the high ground as much as possible — no doubt with the view of seeing who is on the move and what dangers are about; for the Kachyens fight among one another like wildcats. The Tapeng River was in sight all the time. At times we descended almost to its bed, where it rushed past among prodigious boulders of granite, and again it was roaring far below us. It was very hard work, and my pony was soon all of a lather. Suddenly the chief said: "We won't go to my village. My people will not expect a visitor. You would not be received with proper honor. We'll go to Nyoungen."

No objection could be made with profit; so we turned off to Nyoungen, and got there in the afternoon. At the beginning of the avenue, decorated with all sorts of mystic symbols, which leads up to every Kachyen village, Sehek told me to wait till he informed the paw-maing of my arrival. He was soon back again with about twenty men, who fired three salutes in my honor; and then we marched in in great state.

Like all Kachyen houses, the chief's dwelling consists of a long bamboo shed with very low thatch eaves. One end is open and forms a large portico, where the pigs, ponies, buffaloes, and fowls are fed by day and herded at night. The rest of the house is floored with bamboo, and divided longitudinally, with transverse partitions on half of one side. These are the rooms in which the different members of the family sleep. They are open in front, and do not greatly differ in appearance from cattle-stalls. The other side is open from end to end and forms a general lounge.

There was some speechifying in the Kachyen language, to the effect that Nyoungen, like all the other Singpaws, hoped that the English were coming. Then the Burmese would leave the hill people alone, and there would be wealth and happiness. Meanwhile I was requested to consider the chief's house as my own, and to stay several years. There was great feasting that night, and much good-fellowship; though but very few of the men could talk Burmese and, naturally, none of the women. The men smoked opium and drank *sheroo*, a kind of mild beer; and the women sang songs and nursed babies; the unmarried ones crowding round me and begging for beads. Sehek ate fermented rice — very heady stuff — till he was helpless. We were all very jovial, but the young ladies were a trifle troublesome. When at length, fagged out with the day's fatigues and excitements, I fell asleep, there were still three of them making eyes from under the fringe of hair that hangs down over the forehead and marks the Kachyen maiden.

Next day I spent wandering about the hilltop among the houses, making friends with the men and lavishing among the girls the beads and other finery intended for Wah-Pong. The men were delighted with the occasional loan of my field-glasses, and the gunpowder which I was able to give them by opening a lot of cartridges; but there was not much conversation to be done. However, by the evening I was on intimate terms with everybody. We had a convivial dance and swore eternal friendship. When this was over the men settled down to steady drinking and smoking, and the maidens began again. I had four offers of marriage, made with much earnestness and many blandishments. I did not dare to go to sleep, matters were so desperate.

Next morning Sehek was more tipsy than ever. My beads and gunpowder were all gone. In Bhamo they would be getting alarmed about me. I had not changed my clothes for four days. So I represented to the paw-maing that I must return to replenish my stores. He protested that I might live with him forever, but at length allowed me to go with an escort of twenty men. Salutes were fired on my departure; the women formed in lines, each clasping her neighbor in an embrace at once affectionate and reproachful. My body-guard took me as far as Sit-Kaw, on the Tapeng River, and then fired off their guns independently till I was out of sight. I reached Bhamo next

day, and never ventured back to Nyongen.

The Kachyens are not free from evidences of degradation which belong to savage instincts all the world over; but they are kindly and hospitable to a degree when properly treated. A people who drink beer, love rupees, and fire salutes in honor of casual European travellers are neither dead to enterprise nor dangerously opposed to friendly intercourse. We shall not find them such troublesome neighbors after all.

SHWAY YOE.

From St. James's Gazette.
IN THE CATACOMBS AT KIEV.

It is with considerable curiosity that I cross the Ghrestchatik, in Kiev, bound for the famous exhibition of dead saints in the catacombs of the Petcherskoi monastery, which forms the surpassing attraction of the Dnieper capital. The city is glowing in the fierce beams of a mid-July sun. The streets are unusually full and traffic unusually brisk; for it is the very height of the pilgrim season, and from far-off regions with unpronounceable names many a moujik is trudging into the town on his way to what is called the Kiev Petcherskaya Lavra. Boat-loads of peasants, devout and dirty, are landing down by the river-side, and cartfuls are rumbling in from the dusty outskirts. All, like myself, are *en route* for the underground burial-place of the Kiev Brotherhood, where the saints of the Russian Church are interred, and where their bodies may be seen at certain seasons between the hours of ten and twelve.

Turning the corner of the principal thoroughfare, I come upon a promising party, and, after the usual salutations, join them. There are six in all, well-to-do peasants evidently. The men saunter leisurely in front, while the women, in high jack-boots and short grey kirtles, tramp wearily in rear, with the household baggage — some bed-coverings and cooking utensils — in a bag slung over the shoulder. We go up the Alexandrovskaya, mounting the hilly street that leads to the citadel. The men are friendly and communicative. One tells me he is going to pray for the recovery of a crippled child; another is suffering from a form of blight for which a visit to the Lavra has been recommended as an infallible cure. The third came because his wife wished it;

she has no children, and the holy Theodosius is said to interest himself in such cases. Chatting on, we gain the hilltop, cross the intervening squares, and enter the fortress that commands the low-lying country around. Passing earthworks and ditches, casemates and heavy guns, we reach the doors of the monastery, traverse the inner quadrangle, facing the church, and turn into the office of the director, where, in becoming language, we explain our desire to see the saints below. After waiting ten minutes or so, a young monk appears to conduct us; and, minus the ladies, who are specially attended to, we start for the catacombs in the heart of the hill.

A winding road, banked up on either side, leads us to a covered passage sloping downwards. We descend by wooden stairs, on which are seated many beggars — apparently all the halt and maimed and blind of the city, with idiots and impostors, who moan entreatingly. A chorus of blessings salutes us as we go down, while alms-bags, suspended at the end of long sticks, are thrust in our faces. Then comes another staircase, and we reach a little chapel or crypt, where six other pilgrims join us. Each buys a wax candle of a monk seated in front of a table in the corner. We receive a sprinkling of holy water, and light tapers, while our conductor opens an iron door on one side. In single file we pass through; the monk leading the way, and I modestly bringing up the rear. The metal door clangs to, the candles flicker for an instant in the gloom, and we stand in the resting-place of the dead.

We are in a narrow and pitch-dark winding passage, about six feet high and four feet wide, cut in the solid rock. The sides and roof are black from the smoke of the candles carried by countless generations of pilgrims. We, the last comers, pace on through the darkness, our candles only feebly lighting up the gloomy vault, while our conductor drones out in a steady monotone a highly colored account of the miraculous origin of the catacombs. Suddenly we stop. There is a niche on the left where the rock has been cut away in such a manner as to leave a kind of bench about two feet from the floor. On this stands an open coffin, the lid thrown back; and in the coffin lies a body wrapped in a single fold of red-colored cloth. There is no glass covering — nothing whatever between the spectator and the shrouded form. It is the first of the dead saints; the holy Johannes, our guide says, as well

as I can gather. We all bow reverently, the peasants looking with awe upon the rigid outline before them. My own sensations are a trifle mixed. I observe that, although the abbot has been dead more than five hundred years, his remains exhibit a remarkable breadth and solidity. But there is no time to ponder the question; for our conductor moves off, and we, one by one, prepare to follow, each in succession bending over the coffin and kissing — as all are expected to — the form enveloped in the cere-clothes. In a few moments we come to another niche, another open coffin, and another dead saint. As before, we pause to hear his name and virtues recited, and as before, we file off one by one after kissing the shroud. But here I manage to investigate a little on my own account. As I bend over the body — being the last of the party and in semi-darkness — I take the freedom of grasping the saint's feet for just a single instant, and discover that he never had any toes. I hurry on, and presently our procession stops before the remains of a certain holy abbot named Damian. The same respect is paid to him as to his predecessors; and here a firm though perfectly reverential touch reveals the fact that this pious father could have possessed no ribs. Again we move on, and again pause on reaching the coffin of the good Nicholai. And this time I distinctly ascertain, before rejoining my companions, that at some time or other the saint's legs must have grown together, for in death they are not divided.

We steadily continue our underground journey; the young monk in front running through a catalogue of miracles wrought by the saints whose remains we are viewing. Every now and then the peasants cross themselves and murmur a prayer when they hear some more than ordinarily marvellous exploit. We are just hearing the last of a wonderful spring of water in the catacombs, which disappears the moment an unbeliever's foot approaches, when we come to the resting-place of a very great saint whose name I do not catch. He has a little shrine all to himself, with hanging lamp, holy picture, and curtains. There is no coffin visible, and we all kneel and kiss the rocky ground, while our conductor recites a short prayer. We then move towards a point in the distance, where a single ray of light pierces the darkness. Getting nearer we find it proceeds from a tiny window in the passage wall. One by one we are allowed to look through. All we see is a rock-cut

chamber illumined by a solitary lamp depending from the roof. Here, our guide informs us, are interred eleven members of the brotherhood who built themselves up alive in the catacombs, leaving only the aperture visible through which to receive the small supply of food they required. There is no access to the interior of this vault, and the lamp continues burning only by miracle. I have no time to ask how the last of the eleven monks managed to inter himself; for our conductor hurries us on, in order to point out the spot where one of the holy fathers buried himself up to his neck in the ground and lived in this position for the rest of his days.

In a few moments the open coffins with their canonized contents begin again as before. But by this time our lights are getting low, and we have only three candles still burning between us. So our guide tells us we must hasten on. Then in rapid succession we pass some score of dead saints, differing in no way from those already described, their remains characterized by the same apparent solidity and breadth that struck me at first. As we approach the end of the passage, our conductor prepares us for the concluding "sight." We are to be allowed to look upon the face of one of the dead saints, to whom we are further to have the privilege of making special petition. Presently we reach the last coffin containing the body of a certain holy Semon. The cloth shrouding his remains is thrown back over the chest, and in the semi-darkness I catch a glimpse of what really looks like a human face. The effect of this upon the peasants in front of me is electrical. With what sounds like a howl, but is in reality a cry for mercy and compassion, they throw themselves upon the hard ground, and, with streaming eyes, kiss the polished coffin again and again. To and fro they rock themselves, repeating all the time their prayers in a homely dialect, of which I do not understand a word except the frequently recurring "Gospodar." But the fervor does not last long. The men soon recover themselves, and rise and move off to where our conductor is busy unlocking an iron door at the end of the passage. I am then able to approach the coffin and view the contents there. A glance suffices to show that what I took for a human face is only a wax mask, poorly modelled. I now draw the shroud just a trifle lower over the chest, so as to uncover the body a little, and find that the rest of the saint is wood.

From St. James's Gazette.

THAWING A VILLAGE.

JUST five years ago several "auld lights" got up at six o'clock in the morning to look for their village, and could not see it anywhere. I was in one of the half-dozen two-storied houses in the place, and could have shaken hands with my friends without from the upper windows. To get out of doors you had to walk up-stairs. The outlook was a sea of snow fading into white hills and sky, with the quarry standing out red and ragged to the right like a rock in the ocean. The manse was gone, but had left its garden trees behind, their branches growing from the snow. Roofs were humps in the white blanket. The spire of the Established Kirk stood up cold and stiff, like a monument to the buried inhabitant.

Those of the villagers who had taken the precaution of conveying spades into their houses the night before, dug themselves out. They hobbled cautiously over the snow, sometimes sinking into it to their knees, when they stood still and slowly took in the situation. It had been snowing more or less for a week, but in a commonplace kind of way, and they had gone to bed thinking all was well. This night the snow must have fallen as if the heavens had opened up, determined to shake themselves free of it forever.

The man who first came to himself and saw what was to be done was Henders Mealmaker. Henders had no fixed occupation, being but an "orra man" about the village, and the best thing known of him was that his mother's sister was a Baptist. He feared God, man, nor the minister; and all the learning he had was obtained from assiduous study of our grocer's window. But for one brief day he had things his own way in the village, or, speaking strictly, on the top of it. With a spade, a broom, and a pickaxe, which sat lightly on his broad shoulders (he was not even back-bent, and that showed him no respectable weaver), Henders delved his way to the nearest house, which formed one of a row, and addressed the inmates down the chimney. They had already been clearing it at the other end, or his words would have been choked. "You're snawed up, Davit," cried Henders, in a voice that was entirely businesslike; "hae ye a spade?" A conversation ensued up and down this unusual channel of communication. The unlucky householder, taking no thought of the morrow, was without a spade. But if

Henders would clear away the snow from his door he would be "varra obleged." Henders, however, had to come to terms first. "The chairge is saxpence, Davit!" he shouted. Then a haggling ensued. Henders must be neighborly. A plate of broth, now — or, say, twopence. But Henders was obdurate. "I'se nae time to argybargy wi' ye, Davit. Gin ye're no willin' to say saxpence, I'm aff to Will'um Pyatt's. He's buried too." So the victim had to make up his mind to one of two things: he must either "say saxpence" or remain where he was.

If Henders was "promised," he took good care that no snowed-up villager should perjure himself. He made his way to a window first, and, clearing the snow from the top of it, pointed out that he could not conscientiously proceed further until the debt had been paid. "Money doon!" he cried in, as soon as he reached a pane of glass; or, "Come awa wi' my saxpence noo!"

The belief that this day had not come to Henders unexpectedly was borne out by the methodical nature of his procedure. His charges varied from sixpence to half a crown, according to the wealth and status of his victims; and when, later on, there were rivals in the snow, he had the discrimination to reduce his minimum fee to threepence. He had the honor of digging out three ministers at one shilling, one and threepence, and two shillings respectively.

Half-a-dozen times within the next fortnight the village was reburied in snow. This generally happened in the night-time; but the villagers were not to be caught unprepared again. Spades stood ready to their hands in the morning, and they fought their way above ground without Henders Mealmaker's assistance. To clear the snow from the narrow wynds and streets, however, was a task not to be attempted; and the villagers rested content when enough light got into their workshops to let them see where their looms stood. Wading through beds of snow they did not much mind; but they wondered what would happen to their houses when the thaw came.

But the thaw was slow in coming. Snow during the night and several degrees of frost by day was what we began to accept as a revised order of nature. Vainly the village doctor, whose practice extended into the glens, made repeated attempts to reach his distant patients, twice driving so far into the wilderness of snow that he could neither go on nor turn back. A

ploughman who contrived to gallop ten miles for him did not get home for a week. Between the village, which is nowadays an agricultural centre of some importance, and the outlying farms communication had been cut off for a month; and we heard subsequently of one farmer who did not see a human being, unconnected with his own farm and sleeping at it, for seven weeks. Two country schools not three miles distant were closed for weeks, and even in the village there was only a sprinkling of scholars.

On Sundays the feeling between the different denominations ran high, and the good folk who did not go to church counted those who did. In the Established Church there was a creditable gathering, who waited in vain for the minister. After a time it got abroad that a flag of distress was flying from the manse, and then it was seen that the minister was storm-staid. An office-bearer offered to conduct service; but the others present thought they had done their duty and went home. The U. P. bell did not ring at all, and the kirk gates were not opened. The Free Kirk did bravely however. The attendance in the forenoon amounted to seven, including the minister; but in the afternoon there was a turn-out of upwards of fifty. How much denominational competition had to do with this, none can say; but the general opinion was that this muster to afternoon service was a piece of vainglory. Next Sunday all the kirks were on their mettle, and, though the snow was drifting the whole day, services were general. It was felt that after the action of the Free Kirk the "Establisheds" and the U. P.'s must show what they too were capable of. So, when the bells rang at eleven o'clock and two, church-goers began to pour out of every close. If I remember aright, the victory lay with the U. P.'s by two women and a boy. What was regarded as a judgment on the Free Kirk for its boastfulness of spirit on the preceding Sunday happened during the forenoon. While the service was taking place a great clod of snow slipped from the roof and fell right against the church-door. It was some time before the prisoners could make up their minds to leave by the windows; and even yet they are not certain that it was a proper thing to do.

That was the first warning of the thaw. It froze again; there was more snow; the thaw set in in earnest; and then the streets were a sight to see. There was no traffic to turn the snow to slush, and

where it had not been piled up in walls a few feet from the houses, it remained in the narrow ways till it became a lake. It tried to escape through doorways, when it sank slowly into the earthen floors. Gentle breezes created a ripple on its surface, and strong winds lifted it into the air and flung it against the houses. It undermined the heaps of clotted snow till they tottered like icebergs and fell to pieces. Men made their way through it on stilts. Had a frost followed, the result would have been appalling; but there was no more frost that winter. A fortnight passed before the place looked itself again, and even then heaps of snow stood their ground in the streets, while the country roads were like newly ploughed fields after rain. The heat from large fires soon penetrated through roofs of slate and thatch; and it was quite a common thing for a man to be flattened to the ground by a "slithering" of snow from above just as he opened his door. But it had seldom more than ten feet to fall. Most interesting of all was the novel sensation experienced as the village began to assume its familiar aspect, and objects so long buried that they had been half forgotten came back to view and use.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE CROSSBILL.

THE frost and desolation of northern regions have driven down many rare birds, and we have just flushed a flock of snow-buntings in winter plumage from a field of rye-grass. The "gleades" are driven from the fells, and one or more pairs are circling the valley. Woodcock and snipe come to the springs, and duck and wild geese to the still mountain tarns. The poacher will have a glorious time with his "gins," and "springs," and nets. Now he closely scans the weather, and will at evening pass under the wood and down by the "hag" path. Heavily does he wade through the snow, his old black bitch doggedly following at his heels. And still, softly silent, the snow continues to fall.

For hours from my lookout I have been sweeping with my glass the snow-plumed pines in search of a flock of interesting birds that do not appear. But in such weather as this the crossbills always arrive. In severe winters I have never looked in vain for them in the pine wood. There they are! — now on the upper, now

on the lower branches; so tame that we may approach unheeded. The birds give out a constant twitter, and ever repeat their not unmusical call-notes. Never still, they are constantly changing position, fluttering from branch to branch, constantly sending down showers of cones and scales, and themselves hanging in every conceivable position. Nimble they go, parrot-like, along the under sides of the boughs, climbing and holding with bill and feet. What a babble of self-satisfied, quiet chattering comes from the feeding flock! What wonderful adaptation of means to an end in those crossed mandibles! Every third cone or so comes to the ground, but none are followed. When one is secured it is held with the foot upon the centre of a bough, and the bill quickly invades the hard material. The birds feed for an hour now, and return again late in the afternoon. The severity of the weather in no way affects them. Together they roam the fir woods, feeding indiscriminately upon the cones of fir, pine, and larch. Full of life and animation, their movements are ever changing. Their plumage is various; bright red, orange, yellow, and green are the coats of the individuals, but no two seem quite alike. Once, and once only, have they been observed on the confines of our garden, and then feeding upon the scarlet fruit of the rowan or mountain ash. Their partiality to this food was amply testified by their completely denuding the trees.

Here is the interesting and quaintly told account of how the crossbills first appeared in this country. "The yeere 1593 was a greate and exceeding yeere of apples; and there were greate plenty of strange birds, that shewed themselves at the time the apples were full ripe who fedde upon the kernells onely of those apples, and haveinge a bill with one beake wrythinge over the other, which would presently bore a greate hole in one of the apples, and make way to the kernells. They were of the bignesse of a bullfinch: the henne right like the henne of the bullfinch in coulour; the cocke a very glorious bird, in a manner al redde or yellowe on the brest, backe, and head. The oldest man living never heard or reade of any such like bird: and the thinge most to bee noted was, that it seemed they came out of some country not inhabited, for that they at the first would abide shooting at them, either with pellet, bowe, or other

engine, and not remove till they were stricken downe; moreover, they would abide the throweing at them with apples. They came when the apples were full ripe, and went away when the apples were cleane fallen. They were very good meat." The tameness here alluded to is characteristic of the species. Fifty years ago a member of my family followed a flock of thirteen of these birds, every one of which, owing to their tameness, he shot. The birds were feeding upon two larch-trees apart from the rest of the wood, and allowed the gunner to come quite close.

The crossbill can hardly now be considered a rare bird in this country. It has occurred in almost every English county and has bred in a great many. And yet much of its history remains in comparative obscurity. It comes to us independent of time or season, sets no limit to its wanderings, and breeds wherever the season may happen to find it. Nests of crossbills have been found in almost every county; and in Norway and Sweden, where the birds are plentiful, they are found to breed in winter upon the upper branches of the fir-trees. The nest is usually placed in the angle formed by a bough with the main stem. The materials of which the nest is composed are grass, moss, and fine pine boughs. The nest and eggs somewhat resemble those of our greenfinch, though they are slightly smaller. The young, when a few days old, are covered with fine down of a dark greenish color, with parallel black bars. At the time the young birds leave the nest their mandibles resemble those of the rest of the finches, and show no sign of "crossing" until the young ones begin to roam the woods with the parent birds.

The parrot crossbill is another species of the same family which has rarely occurred in England; as is also the white-winged. Than the common species the first is more robust in form, with the red of its plumage intensified. Except for superiority in size, so much alike are the two species that they were long spoken of merely as varietal forms. In the countries where the birds breed the parrot crossbill is rarer than its congener; though in habits the two species are almost identical. And this, too, may be said of the white-barred bird, laying stress on its great rarity.